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The Case of the Polish Tankers

In a world so full of great issues, the case of the Polish tankers may seem a trivial affair. In fact, it has implications of the gravest import, and Mr. Driberg did well to lead a vigorous and sustained back-bench protest against the Government's action during the early—and therefore mainly unreported—hours of last Wednesday morning.

The facts are not in dispute. In 1948 a Polish firm signed a contract with a British shipyard for the building of two tankers. In 1949 the British Government signed a new trade agreement with Poland which expressly laid down in Article 6 that "*the Government of the United Kingdom shall not prohibit the export to Poland of capital equipment produced in fulfilment of orders placed by or on behalf of the Polish Government with United Kingdom firms on or before the date of signature of the present agreement.*" We understand that this solemn obligation not to requisition such capital goods—which obviously included the two tankers already under construction—was reinforced by a confidential exchange of letters. All went well at first: the tankers were launched with due ceremony, and completed. Indeed, one of them had already been taken over by her Polish captain and crew when a British captain, on order from the Admiralty, summarily ejected them from the vessel.

What is the justification for this breach of commercial contract and violation of treaty? In his reply to Mr. Driberg, Mr. Davies, for the Foreign Office, had recourse to these remarkable words: "Nothing can over-ride the sovereign right of a country to requisition for Defence purposes . . . . The Government cannot take any action which may weaken the North Atlantic Organisation as a whole."

It is of course true that, in wartime, nations have often claimed the right to requisition the property of enemy Powers. Britain, for instance, seized two German warships in 1914. But, as far as we know, this is the first occasion on which this doctrine has been claimed by a Government spokesman to be applicable in the Cold War. According to Mr. Davies, the Government now feels entitled at any time to seize any goods we are under contract to sell to members of the Eastern Bloc. If this really is our policy, it is pure nonsense either to pretend that Britain still desires to promote East-West trade or to lecture the Soviet Union on its disregard of the "Rule of Law." Apparently it is now a doctrine of Western democracy that it is legitimate in peacetime to jettison the sanctity of contract for the sake of military expediency.

It would not, however, be quite fair either to Mr. Davies or the Cabinet to take his excursion into constitutional law too seriously. The real motive for the requisitioning of the tankers was very different. A large part of our shipbuilding capacity is now engaged in building tankers for sale overseas, and it is quite inconceivable that it was necessary on grounds of national security for the Admiralty to seize these two ships. The real truth is that some Ministers were alarmed lest the news of their sailing to Poland would cause as much trouble in Congress as the decision, a few weeks ago, to maintain rubber sales to China at a minimum peacetime level of 2,000 tons a month. When the Cabinet announced this decision about rubber, there were frantic cables from our Embassy in Washington: it was ignominiously rescinded and replaced by a complete embargo. This time, apparently, Mr. Morrison decided to anticipate the explosion in Congress even at the cost of treating a trade treaty as a scrap of paper.

No doubt he was influenced in this decision by the fact that the Battle Bill, already approved by the House Foreign Affairs Committee, will soon be debated in both houses of Congress. This Bill, an improved version of the notorious Kem amendment, forbids the provision of American aid to any country which exports not only arms and ammunition to the Soviet world but even petroleum, transport equipment and items vaguely described as of "primary strategic importance." When it has been passed, as it will be by the end of this month, the Battle Bill will subject the export policies of all America's allies to detailed control by a special office which is now being set up to enforce its stringent provisions.

If Mr. Morrison believes that he will make Britain more popular in the U.S. by requisitioning the two Polish tankers, he is gravely mistaken. His action will have precisely the opposite result. There are millions of good Americans who do not want to make war inevitable—and to ruin their allies into the bargain—by imposing a complete economic blockade on the Soviet world. Such Americans are for the most part friends of Britain and there is nothing they pray for more than firm British resistance to the excesses of MacArthurism. There are men in the White House, the State Department, and even in the Pentagon who remember the shackles placed by Congress on Roosevelt's foreign policy during the 1930s and who want to resist or at least to weaken the Battle Bill. But if Mr. Morrison decides to appease the MacArthurites even before the battle has begun, what hope have our friends across the Atlantic of achieving success?

Mr. Morrison and *Pravda*

For the first time since 1917, a British spokesman has had the chance of writing an article in a newspaper read all over the Soviet Union. This is important, and Mr. Morrison, of course, made some good points. And yet—we say it with the deepest regret—the opportunity has been sadly thrown away. For the ordinary *Pravda* reader has never known what we call civil liberties, has never possessed them and is not usually conscious of their absence. When *Pravda* replies that only enemies of the Soviet Union are in concentration camps, that is for most Soviet readers an adequate reply. And then *Pravda* goes on:

> Mr. Morrison makes no mention of other freedoms which are of much greater significance than freedom of speech, freedom of the Press, etc.: specifically he does not say anything about freedom from exploitation for the people, about freedom from economic crises, from unemployment, from poverty.

Unhappily *Pravda* is right. Mr. Morrison did make no mention of them. Why confirm the Soviet propaganda which says that British workers are plunged in poverty, unemployed, that nothing has been done by Labour which differentiates our social democracy from American capitalism? Why omit the brightest jewel in Labour's crown—the voluntary liquidation of Imperialism in India? These were the things most worth saying; and a careful reading of Mr. Morrison's article suggests that he at least thought of saying them. For, after lauding British civil rights and our party system, he glances at rival political programmes—only to switch, with an obvious hiatus, straight into a justification of rearmament! Are we right in inferring that an astute Foreign Office adviser persuaded Mr. Morrison that the Americans or the Tories would not like him to say to the Russian people the only thing which would impress them, namely, that we have made some progress towards a workers' Welfare State without the help of the Communist Party?

Central African Federation

Opposition to the experts' proposals for federal union between Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia, and Nyasaland is now coming from two sides. In Southern Rhodesia the Liberal Party, now known as the Rhodesia Party, has taken a stand against the proposals—on the grounds, oddly enough, that they would "interfere unduly with Southern Rhodesia's native policy," or, in other words, threaten the Southern Rhodesian settlers with a more liberal attitude towards the Africans. Mr. Stockil, the leader of the Rhodesia Party, has said that Southern Rhodesia need not accept closer association with the two protectorates in the North before pressing for Dominion status; in so doing, he has blown the gaff on Sir Godfrey Huggins's argument that Southern Rhodesia must now choose between joining up with the northern territories or entry into the Union of South Africa. No party in Southern Rhodesia is more bitterly opposed to closer association with the Union than the Rhodesia Party.

African opposition is growing in vehemence. A conference of all chiefs in Nyasaland, held at Blantyre in the last week of July and attended by about two thousand people, expressed its "total rejection of the proposed federation." A letter from the Nyasaland Students' Association, printed lately in the *Central African Post* of Lusaka, advises "our people to reject Federation completely" and calls for a joint conference of the African Congresses of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. In Northern Rhodesia an interview given to the same newspaper by Mr. Godwin Lewanika, as president of the Northern Rhodesian African Congress, has apparently led to his political eclipse. Mr. Lewanika said that his first impressions of the proposals were "more favourable" than those of previous proposals, and that he was "not frightened" of them. A few days later it was announced that Mr. Lewanika had been superceded as President of the Congress by Mr. Harry Nkumbula, known to be an ardent opponent of any form of union with Southern Rhodesia.

The Tied Cottage

The Government's decision to abolish the cottage certificate system, under which a large number of new tied cottages are created each year, is to be welcomed. This system has long been a source of grievance with the Agricultural Workers' Union and cannot be justified in present circumstances. There has been an increasing number of cases in recent years where farmers have bought cottages far from their farms and tied them by use of the certificate. This has caused real hardship among the evicted tenants and has constituted a violation of the national housing policy. The bigger and more complicated problem of the existing tied cottages remains. It is clear that no radical solution of this can be attempted while the rural housing shortage remains acute and the stockbrokers continue their flight from the towns. The Labour Party indeed, for all its pious resolutions, is not yet ready to tackle it, never having succeeded in formulating a policy which takes account of the genuine needs of employers who are wholly dependent on the tied cottage to secure the carrying out of essential work. Nevertheless the new decision is a step forward, though small and belated; and Mr. Dalton is to be congratulated on overcoming the fierce resistance of his agricultural colleagues.

The Firth-Brown Incident

The wholesale removal of directors from the Board of Thomas Firth and John Brown, Ltd., has been treated in some newspapers as if it marked the beginning of the disintegration of the iron and steel industry. In fact, it is a relatively minor matter. The Iron and Steel Corporation seem to have decided as a matter of policy normally to allow only executive Directors on the Boards of the publicly owned companies, and not to permit the continuance in office of the nominees of private companies which, before nationalisation, were the parents of subsidiaries since nationalised. Thomas Firth and John Brown was a subsidiary of John Brown and Co. The former is now nationalised; the latter remains in private ownership. Hence the removal among others of the five directors who were on the Boards of both companies. The policy itself is reasonable enough, and a popular press campaign to represent it as unconscionable will cut little ice with the majority of steel men. On the other hand, it is perhaps regrettable that its application in the case of Thomas Firth and John Brown should have led to the resignation of so many men of proved experience and ability. The significance of the matter lies in the fact that this is the first notable example of the Corporation's using its voting strength at an annual general meeting to compel an individual company to conform to policy. As such it becomes an important precedent and not without its value *pour encourager les autres*. That Mr. Hardie is not intending a general dismissal of directors appointed before nationalisation was made clear the day following the Firth-Brown incident, when he personally attended the annual general meeting of the Lancashire Steel Corporation and, in an atmosphere of mutual felicitation, voted the re-election of the entire Board.

Holiday Government?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Some months ago, during another of those three- or four-week Cabinet "crises," the *Canard Enchaîné* wrote an article to demonstrate the advantages of having no Government at all. Certainly there is no sign of the French public, in the midst of the summer holidays, having become rattled over the absence of a Government since the election. M. Queuille, who has never really *done* anything, is still nominally in charge, and all is well. The "mannequin parade" of prospective Premiers (always the same dear old faces) has been watched by most people with indulgent amusement and, in more serious moments, not without some satisfaction. For it is apparent that the present tendency (strongly supported by M. Auriol) is to give the Third Force parties a chance, and to do without de Gaullists. M. Petsche, who with his *bonhomie*, his amiable, easy-going, tongue-in-his-cheek ways, is personally liked and has a genius for striking happy (if not always effective) compromises, has so far proved the most promising candidate for a Third-Force Premiership, having come nearest to finding a compromise on a number of questions, notably on the thorny school question, which would be acceptable to the Socialists and the M.R.P. He has done this largely by turning a religious problem into an economic one, and by appealing to the Socialists' sense of fairness at the sight of the badly underpaid teachers of the "free" (i.e., Catholic) schools.

His five-point programme provides for certain changes in the Constitution and in Parliamentary procedure; for the setting up of committees for improving the tax system; for voting the Budget without the usual delays; for guaranteeing, by means of a special fund, a minimum wage for the benefit of Catholic teachers and others whose employers cannot "afford" to pay them such a wage; and for a number of more or less effective measures against the depreciation of real wages. At the moment it looks as though the chief worry of M. Petsche were coming no longer from the Socialists and the M.R.P. but from the Radicals and Right-wing "Independents" who are finding his proposals rather on the "Socialistic" side. But a Government—if only to last until after the holidays—will probably now be formed. The real fight for power will start in the Autumn.

PARLIAMENT: Tired Men

Wednesday.

CHUTER EDE has great facility in the use of the procedure of the House. Too great facility for the majority of his back-benchers last week, when he used the omission of a formality to close the violent and sustained debate on the penalty to be inflicted on William Barkley, the *Daily Express* journalist who had been found guilty by the House of "a gross libel on the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee." Most Labour members were greatly angered by the closure, by what they regarded as a trick—as, some weeks ago, the Tories must have been when, by a similar procedural device, the Leader of the House kicked away the legs of their "praying stool." Here, however, fellow feeling was not made "wondrous kind." Tiredness from the long session has made Members strangely touchy. Even matters of Privilege, traditionally non-party, have increasingly of late been decided along party lines. The case of Barkley is noticeable. The indictment of him, passed by the House, has been made the subject of a further motion by Sir Herbert Williams, inviting the Commons to rescind its earlier condemnation of the journalist, on the grounds of an alleged mistake in the Kitchen Committee's arithmetic.

Which is the more tired—Government or Opposition—is a moot question. Both are divided and fight along two fronts. For some time, clear division has separated Churchill from Eden and Lord Salisbury. The Old War Horse has cooed to the Government over Persian matters, whilst his normally milder lieutenants have breathed fire and slaughter. At last, determined on party peace, Churchill violently attacked the Foreign Secretary—only to fall foul of the leader of yet another Tory group. For Rab Butler had discovered, meanwhile, great statesmanship in Mr. Morrison, whom his leader later called "a caucus boss" and a man of "a malevolent mind."

Yet the Government has not been able to rejoice at the discomfort of Tory divisions in recent weeks; the opposition of the Bevanite group has hardened into a policy of putting up one speaker from the group in each debate. On Thursday, in the Economic Debate, its spokesman was the former President of the Board of Trade and author of a famous "bonfire of controls." Now soundly converted, Wilson bewailed the absence of the controls he had set on fire, taking such comfort only as he could from being able thus vicariously to add to the funeral pyre of the Government's "financial policy of a Budget already dead." (Having urged in the group's pamphlet a capital gains tax, he was able to claim dividend limitation to its credit.)

On Friday, there came a sustained Bevanite attack on the high margin of profits allowed to manufacturers. So many members of the group took part as almost to destroy its anonymity. But on Monday, co-operation was patched up. In an able speech, Crossman devoted himself to an assault across the benches, and even over Palestine was generous as a man can be whom events proved right.

With the close of the Debate the Prime Minister sealed a temporary solidarity by the most effective broadside on the Leader of the Opposition the House has heard for some time. Speaking with the abandon of a boy about to go on holiday, the P.M. pursued Churchill with a salted and malicious wit that must have reminded him of an earlier episode. It is recorded that then Churchill unkindly described the P.M. as a "rabbit," only to have at the close of the debate to retire discomfited and to be asked by a colleague—"And how, sir, do you relish rabbit punches?"

TOM WILLIAMS

Dishing Mr. Bevan

IN announcing the statutory limitation of dividends, Mr. Gaitskell chose to give the House an economic survey of comparable importance with his Budget speech. It was a remarkable confession of failure. In the first place, the balance of our overseas payments has turned sharply against us; in the second, the degree of internal inflation has far exceeded official expectations. The 1951 Budget is therefore dead, even before the Finance Bill has reached the Statute Book. The other striking feature of the speech was the absence of any serious proposals for dealing with the difficulties.

All the Chancellor had to say about the balance of payments was to reiterate the growing gravity of the problem and again to call for increased exports. He offered no explanation how the economy can sustain the burden of the arms programme in addition to an increasing need for dollar exports. On the cost of living at home he made no practical proposal, other than the reintroduction of a restricted range of price controls and the promise of legislation in the Autumn to limit the payment of dividends. But Mr. Gaitskell knows well that, economically, these proposals are both insignificant and irrelevant. The limitation of dividends, without a limitation on earned profits and without some sort of capital tax, will have not the smallest effect on the cost of living. Moreover, the method chosen to carry it out, while simple, is of such manifest injustice as to raise serious doubts whether the Treasury expects to see it put into effect.

Why then has the Chancellor chosen a course which seems so much out of character? The explanation is to be found not in any real attempt to deal with the cost of living, but in the political pressures to which he and the Government are being subjected. For if Mr. Gaitskell and his policies are to survive, with or without an autumn election, he must score a resounding victory at the T.U.C. Conference in September and subsequently at the Labour Party Conference. The Government is in fact the slave of time. There can be no long-drawn-out battle with the Bevanites. A knock-out blow must be struck within the next six weeks. Mr. Bevan has every incentive for prolonging the fight and allowing events to come to his aid. Mr. Gaitskell, on the other hand, is driven to pawn the future to provide the wherewithal to redeem his reputation with the unions and with his Party. He has therefore taken risks. The T.U.C. have in the past set much store on both price control and dividend limitation. The Bevanites have also recommended them. Therefore, runs the argument, a window-dressing operation, which robs *One Way Only* of some of its glamour and gives the T.U.C. something it has asked for, is the best tactic to secure a quick triumph at the two vital conferences.

This is playing it short with a vengeance. It will very soon be apparent, if it is not already, that the time is past when such minor measures can have any effect on our inflationary situation. Indeed, the fact that Mr. Gaitskell is prepared to take his stand on such a rickety platform is strong supporting evidence for those who believe that Mr. Attlee has a mind to go to the country immediately after the Party Conference.

No doubt the Chancellor calculates that a concession to the T.U.C. over dividends will justify his asking for a further period of wage restraint. But he misjudges both the mood of the unions and the effect of rising prices in working-class households. There may have been a time since rearmament began—it was certainly no later than the Budget—when dividend limitation would, by itself, have provided a sufficiently powerful psychological inducement to persuade the unions to accept some further degree of wage restraint. But, even if a majority of the General Council were still prepared to accept the Treasury argument, there is not the slightest chance that individual unions will be permitted by their rank and file to honour any such undertaking. Miners, engineers, builders and railwaymen are already tabling wage claims to balance the new rise in costs. The industrial worker has been flung by Government policy into a free-for-all fight to secure his share of the national income. To ask him in the present situation to refrain from fighting in return for a concession as small as a dividend limitation, which may or may not come into effect in the present Parliament, is to ask him to surrender to his employers what is justly his.

Such a request would make sense only if dividend limitation was one item in an all-out, concerted effort to hold the cost of living and to secure the equitable distribution of consumer goods. But this would require both rationing and subsidies. Mr. Gaitskell has repeatedly made it plain that he is opposed to subsidies in principle; and he now uses the additional argument that the cost of pegging prices by subsidy would be prohibitive. This is probably true; but he himself is to blame for at least part of the cost. An intelligent use of subsidies in the last Budget, with their necessary counterpart in taxation, might have saved a great part of the subsequent inflation, in so far as it has been caused by wage increases and capital appreciation. However, an argument based on the total cost of complete stabilisation seems to us psychologically unsound. For selective use of subsidies even now on children's clothing and certain items of food and passenger transport, for instance, would indicate a real intention to protect those in most need of protection from an inflation which is, admittedly, not primarily of the Government's making. Such a proposal would go far to give the unions the reassurance they need; it would also be a direct reversal of the Chancellor's existing policy of allowing rising prices to mop up excessive demand.

Mr. Gaitskell's present attitude is inexplicable on two counts. First, because, by trying to pay for rearmament out of rising prices, he is the only post-war Labour Chancellor to exploit for deliberate policy reasons circumstances which increase the inequality of wealth. Secondly, because on his own showing he is looking for some respite from price increases in the future, based on the recent and slight fall of some commodity prices and the slight recession in the United States. But trends of prices are occasioned at least as much by psychological as by purely economic factors. If the Chancellor takes no steps now to ensure the fulfilment of this hope, it may remain nothing more than a hope. We have no reason to believe that any such price-fall will be either substantial or permanent. Its effect could be entirely cancelled out by domestic inflation. On the other hand, an all-out attempt, as Mr. Harold Wilson suggested in a speech replying to Mr. Gaitskell, to hold prices by all expedients for the next six months would, apart from its intrinsic value, offer the best chance of realising, indeed accelerating, any adventitious advantages which may be on the way. Without some such reversal of policy the Chancellor remains committed to an arms programme which will weaken rather than strengthen the causes which he proclaims himself champion; to "disinflationary" measures which are in fact inflationary; to a "Socialist" policy which is fundamentally anti-Socialist.

The fact is that the economic policy embodied in the Budget has failed to meet the needs of the situation. Mr. Gaitskell is harried alike by the facts and by Mr. Bevan. In a desperate effort to extricate himself in time from the predicament he has himself created, he is prepared to do anything to dish Mr. Bevan. Anything, that is, but the one thing which needs to be done. As Mr. Wilson said in the speech to which we have already referred: "There is no hope of any real fall in the cost of living, nor any hope of a real rise in the standard of living, until Atlantic rearmament is reviewed and brought into line with the resources available to the Western world."

Mobilising the Fourth Reich

AT the beginning of this year most people in this country—and no doubt all who believed, and still believe, that world war may yet be averted—clung to the hope that the Americans would relent of their determination to rearm Western Germany. Widespread public protest from within the Labour movement, as well as opposition from Liberal and other sections of the community, induced the British Government at that time to say officially that, although the principle of a "German contribution" was accepted, the execution and timing were subject to discussion.

To-day, six months later, it seems clear that this hope was in vain. Far from postponing decisions on German rearmament, the Americans are apparently accelerating the process whereby rearmament in Western Germany may become possible. The military experts, sitting behind closed doors in Bonn, have produced a programme by which Western Germany should have, initially, six corps of twelve divisions, a tactical air force, and coastal fortifications. The Germans—presumably with the approval of these allied military experts—are said to be pressing unofficially for agreement that the greater part of these twelve divisions shall be armoured divisions, that they shall be organised in four groups, and that each group shall have a tactical air force of 500 planes, or 2,000 planes in all. At the same time, under American ægis in Paris, a Five Power conference has been working out plans for a "European army"—to include German divisions.

At the beginning of this year, once again, it was common ground that the majority of Germans in Western Germany were themselves opposed to rearmament, and that, if this opposition were to be overcome and "a favourable atmosphere" engendered, much time and care must first be spent. This "favourable atmosphere," we now see, is emerging at dramatic speed under the stimulus of repeated Western concessions to German nationalism. The soldiers of Hitler's war have for several years shown a tendency to associate and club together. Until lately, such goings-on were surreptitious, and, if possible, secret. They are so no longer. With blatant publicity, last week-end the veterans of the Afrika Korps formed themselves into a "federal union," and elected as their president the General who succeeded Rommel in command of that army. They addressed a message of "fidelity" to President Heuss in Bonn, and another of sympathy to ex-Field Marshal Kesselring, a convicted war criminal now in British custody.

At another meeting in Brunswick, 4,000 former parachute troops undertook at the same time to fight for the Western Allies only when their old commanders—Kesselring, Räder, Dönitz, and others—were released from gaol, presumably to command them again. A former General of paratroops, Ramcke, embodied this and other "conditions" in a speech made still more provocative by a reference to Dönitz—Hitler's successor in the "Führership"—as "that great and honourable man." To add the final touch to these monstrous proceedings, it is necessary only to recall that Ramcke himself "escaped" from custody in France only a few months ago. Far from being arrested and sent back to France, he is now a popular public figure in Western Germany.

There is no need to speculate on the motives and morals behind all this: they speak for themselves. When the British finally plucked Dönitz from his microphone in Flensburg, soon (but not soon enough) after the collapse in 1945, he had already managed to give his followers a perfectly clear directive for the future. They must be ready, he said, to throw in their lot with the West in order to regain what they had lost in the East. Ramcke reminded his audience of this only last week end: under certain conditions—and above all the condition of military and political equality—the soldiers of Hitler's war must "make common cause with the West to defend our common Western culture." In Dönitz's mouth such words seemed mere raving: in Ramcke's, six years later, they present the ideal formula for starting another war.

Even so, steel shortages in the West being now acute, can these militarists possibly hope to rearm themselves in the near future? No doubt not without generous American help. Yet the evidence accumulates that their chance of obtaining equipment from German sources is not so meagre as it might seem. Formation of the first five "segregated" companies, under the programme for "steel decartelisation," was lately accompanied by the publication of balance sheets for these five companies during the last full year of trusteeship. In the business year ending September 30, 1950 (since when further expansion is known to have occurred), the Rheinische Röhrenwerke increased monthly production of crude steel from 8,422 to 12,341 tons, of rolled steel from 4,650 to 37,495 tons, and of "semis" from 8,751 to 11,980 tons. Gussstahlwerk Witten increased production of Siemens-Martin and electro steel from 13,700 tons in April 1950, to 16,000 tons in April 1951. In the business year of 1949-50 Stahlwerke Bochum increased its output of steel sheets by 54.3 per cent. It is small wonder with this rate of expansion, that British receipts of scrap from Western Germany should be now so drastically and persistently reduced.

Steel production in Western Germany, all in all, was running at the end of 1950 at an annual rate of about 12 million tons. Since then the Western Powers have agreed that all steel produced in Western Germany above the "permitted level" of just over 11 million tons may be used for "defence purposes." Most recently, General Marshall has told Congress that the United States may have to divert equipment from its own armies to the emergent armies of Western Europe: and this, indeed, seems to have been a basic assumption by the Allied military experts in Bonn. Hitler's old comrades, it seems, are not to be allowed to go for long without their guns.

American plans for a new nationalist army in Germany are nearly complete. There remain to be taken the all-important measures for imposing military service; but these, even at this late hour, can still be postponed if the British and French Governments stand firmly together, at next month's conference in Washington, for conditions on German rearmament which the ex-Wehrmacht Generals may not accept, but which the interests of Britain and France demand. Otherwise, the plight of the Labour movement in this country would be especially unenviable: it would have strained at the gnat of alliance with Franco only to swallow the camel of alliance with the inheritors of Hitler.

Report from America

II. THE POLITICS OF PANIC.

THE American productive system, as we have seen, is pouring forth armaments in ever-increasing quantity; simultaneously it is sustaining a standard of life without parallel. One might have expected, therefore, a calm and confident feeling of absolute superiority. Instead, one finds something near to panic. What is the explanation of this contrast?

It is generally accepted here that precipitate demobilisation in 1945-46 put the West in jeopardy. The reliance on the atomic secret was futile. The Americans fondly hoped that the monopoly of atomic weapons would be sufficient to deal with Russia. Once the atomic secret was broken, the equilibrium of force was wholly upset. Western rearmament, it is argued, had to take place if only to create a new deterrent against opportunistic Russian moves. But rearmament from a position of relative inferiority on land, and with vulnerable outside lines of communication, entails grave risks. The enemy might strike before he thinks that it is too late. There was ground, therefore, for anxiety during the period of rearmament.

Nevertheless, the alarm which is felt in Washington is far more acute than the situation seems to warrant. At least part of the explanation is that the Americans, impelled by their ethos, must feel cornered and outnumbered before they feel able to use the atom bomb. As Alan Barth has expressed it in his important book, *The Loyalty of Free Men:* "It is the enormity of what was done at Hiroshima that we cannot forget. And it is the recognition that human beings are capable of the enormity in relation to one another that leaves us chilled and fearful." Only against the blackest evil can this weapon be used. But it is impossible to negotiate with black evil. Thus, to square their conscience, Americans must persuade themselves that they are far weaker than they are. And the persuasion is so successful that now there is nothing at which they will stop short in order to weaken Russia or to strengthen themselves. Nor can they any longer pursue their original aim, the maintenance of peace—peace, for which armaments are supposedly only the means—since *negotiation becomes appeasement.* That at the same time this frantic haste for armaments as an end robs them of their ability to create a moral basis for resisting Communist terror; that they begin to support anti-Communist terrorism the world over—this is forgotten in the hideous trauma of atomic slaughter which they have created for themselves.

If, in foreign relations, the political end is being lost sight of in the frenzied hurry after the military means, the domestic scene is equally disturbing. The betrayal of atomic secrets was a dreadful revelation. It came on top of the discovery that in the 1930s and during the war there were a number of Communist sympathisers in the Government, in the movies, etc. Exploiting these revelations, the "Americanists," such as McCarthy, have created an atmosphere in Washington which ought not to be called "terror," because that would give a decidedly exaggerated impression, but which is very near to panic. Free speech, dispassionate and objective reporting and discussion—not merely in public but within the circles of Government policy-makers—become difficult. Right decisions on policy cannot be taken on the basis of minutes which are written with an eye on their possible, if not probable, misquotation by venomous Congressional Committees.

It is difficult for a foreigner to understand this near-hysteria. One would think that the astonishing economic (and technico-military) successes of the modified "free" enterprise system were a sufficient proof of the workability of a mixed economy. Moreover, the morale of the employer, in contrast with Britain, is astonishingly good; he does the job of producing with high and competitive efficiency. Yet all this does not allay the *fear and feeling of inferiority towards Communism* which Britain under Labour has escaped.

I believe that, just as the enormity of atomic secrecy makes for a disproportionate fear in military matters, so it is the very success of the economic system which causes fear in social matters. Where are the limits? What is the impossible? Or is nothing impossible any longer? It is this lack of well-defined economic frontiers and the ever more obvious absurdity of the conventional approach to economics which are so terribly frightening to Americans. As long as rearmament is required, all is well. Weapons do not create economic problems. But the fear that rearmament might have to be replaced by social measures and collectivist solutions haunts the conservative elements. Hence their truculence at the I.L.O. Conference. Hence the turning of Point Four into a quasi-imperialistic quest for raw materials. Hence the nonsensical insistence that private investment can solve the dollar problem. And hence, also, the witch-hunts at the universities. The fear of all social change, in this country of technical revolution, explains the lack of internal fortitude and confidence.

The fact that Scandinavia and Britain have solved this problem, and with it the internal Communist danger, is, of course, completely suppressed. Instead, exasperated post-mortems are held into the ingratitude of the French and Italians for voting Communist despite Marshall Aid. This brings me to my last point. An all-important publicity job remains to be done in this country to show this nightmare up for what it is worth; and this is not being done by the British Government. The timidity of our approach, the incomprehensible feeling of inferiority, will have to be changed—not so much for Britain's as for America's sake. The panic fear of American isolationism which one feels in the horrible atmosphere of Washington is a nightmare, from which one wakes up as soon as one leaves the capital.

President Truman proved this in the 1948 campaign, and he is still proving it. Unfortunately, he does not enlighten public opinion sufficiently often and sufficiently positively. But, on any issue that he cares to take to the people, he carries Congress also. The astonishingly quick fizzle of the MacArthur affair, the contempt with which McCarthy is beginning to be treated, shows that there is a sound nucleus of common sense and anti-war feeling in this country. Unfortunately, the British Government, in their fear of Congressional hysteria, has not helped to crystallise this feeling. The appeal of U.S. officials that "Congress will not stand for this"— an appeal which is largely hypocritical—has carried the day in London, to the mortal danger of America as well as Britain.

There is not the slightest justification for truckling to the Americans on basic issues of political morality. Disagreements, openly expressed and explained by reference to moral principles, have not diminished British influence. They have increased it. The Americans are highly ambivalent about policies they have adopted out of sheer (and misguided) opportunism—for instance, aid to Franco, the inability to settle the Philippines problem, and the rearmament of Germany. If the British Government has the moral courage to oppose these policies and to explain firmly the reasons for its opposition, then it, and not opportunism, is going to win. The truckling of M. Auriol or Pleven did not make France less but more suspect. The Far Eastern policy of Britain is approved by a growing number of people.

Thus the start of the Great Debate in Britain has already performed an important task. It must be carried forward until a real debate between the peace party and the war party can be joined internationally. There can be little doubt that, if war can be avoided during the next two years, the present phase of ultra-Americanism will pass. In the meantime the Administration is strong enough to defeat any threat of isolationism. The tantrums in Washington must not be misjudged.

Minneapolis, July. T. Balogh

London Diary

The remarkable article by Justice Douglas in *Look* magazine will give new heart to millions of inarticulate liberals in America. Justices of the Supreme Court do not often doff their robes to denounce the Government's foreign policy as "bankrupt" and go on to catalogue its errors. Mr. Douglas made some other striking remarks. He realises, as few Americans do, that the upheaval in Asia involves a double revolt against foreign imperialism and domestic landlordism; and springs from "a burning concept of equality for the coloured races." He even added that American policy is provoking intense anti-Americanism in the Far East, that it was a terrible mistake ever to cross the 38th Parallel and that unless U.S. policy is changed it may end in losing all Asia to Communism. The reason? The Americans "have become victims of military thinking." This, and not "Russia's armed might" is the cause of American insecurity. I am glad to know that this forthright article has appeared in the only popular competitor to *Life*: it is a sign that outspoken liberalism can, very occasionally, gain a hearing in the U.S. outside small intellectual weeklies. No doubt Justice Douglas will now be attacked by the absurd MacArthurites in America who were furious with him for upholding the law even when it applied to Communists: and logically he should also be denounced by their strange echo here, A. J. Cummings, who once used to make us blush by his naive support of the most unsavoury Russian purges and who now makes us blush by his equally sychophantic truckling to American Republicans. But it will be hard to smear Mr. Douglas as a Communist sympathiser, for *Pravda* has systematically insisted that he is a leading U.S. Intelligence agent. Is not his hobby to spend his vacations climbing mountains on the Soviet frontier of Persia?

* * *

I asked one of our leading experts the other day whether "military Intelligence" really pointed to any coming Soviet aggression. He said that Soviet strength in Eastern Germany has been increased and the forces of the Eastern European satellite States have been consolidated. But there is no evidence of any preparation for attack. The sort of evidence with which Joe Alsop tries to make our blood curdle in the *Herald Tribune* he roundly said was phoney, propagandist stuff. I also made inquiries about one point raised by Mr. Truman. He could fairly complain about the hate campaign in the Soviet press against Belgrade, but in making a point that the Rumanians had cleared a thirty-mile stretch of their frontier as evidence of a threat of a coming invasion of Yugoslavia, he has had the wool pulled over his eyes. He cannot be blamed for not having personal knowledge of this bit of geography. If the Rumanians intended a surprise attack, the last thing they would do would be to clear trees and other cover from the flat open countryside of the Banat. The rest of this frontier consists of a canyon where the Danube rushes through the Iron Gates. This is one of the few places in Europe, as both the Allies and the Germans acknowledged in the last war, where an attack in force is extremely difficult. If the Rumanians have cleared the high, steep and thickly wooded northern bank of the Danube at this point, the only possible reason is to make it easier for their frontier guards to prevent any stray individuals or patrols infiltrating into Rumania from Yugoslavia. The Yugoslavs for all I know may be taking the same precaution. In neither case would it conceivably constitute any evidence of aggressive intention.

* * *

I had just finished reading Moscow's English paper *News* when Gerald Bailey and Mildred Creak came on the air to report on the Quaker visit to Moscow. The contrast was interesting. The Quakers were treated with great courtesy; Mr. Malik gave them a whole afternoon at the Kremlin, which shows that he thought their mission important. The questions they asked him were not as penetrating as they should have been. Everyone knows, for instance, that Moscow annually receives scores of "delegations" from this country and that. Why didn't the Quakers ask for individual Russian citizens to be given visas to the West, freedom for Western visitors to travel in Russia, and revival of post-war schemes for exchange of students at Soviet and Western Universities? Their broadcast account of the crowded churches, the new Metro, the crêches and trade union clubs, the concerts and well-appointed trains only sounded surprising because there have been so few sensible accounts of ordinary everyday life published in Western papers. In any case, as Mr. Bailey himself pointed out, all this is scarcely revelant to the urgent issue of peace and war. The content of *News* on the other hand, is very relevant to this last question. It is published to "promote closer understanding" and its editorials certainly suggest a change in the Moscow line towards the West. The magazine prints two special articles, one on the Commonwealth and the other a report on a visit to Berlin which follow the routine of Communist distortion. Let us hope that Professor Morosov was short of copy about Britain and inherited these two efforts from the previous Party line; anyway, he promised the Quakers to print factual corrections.

We should all take the new Moscow line much more seriously if corrections do appear and if *News* begins to promote sensible and frank controversy between East and West. No one in his senses thinks Russia wants world war; and any war to-day may mean total war. Here, the Quakers are right to see, is at least one thing we have in common. In 1934 the Russians came into the League and tried to co-operate with the West because we had a common enemy in Nazi Germany; today the common enemy is world war and the question on which the future of civilisation depends is whether this common fear can again lead to a limited co-operation.

* * *

For once, at least, I was in full agreement with my old sparring partner Lord Hailsham, when he suggested in *The Times* that the business of Parliamentary Privilege is being overdone. The very special "privilege" for M.P.s is a survival from the 17th century, which, interpreted literally, is highly anachronistic. If M.P.s constantly appeal to it, or appeal on issues which can be better settled outside the House, they make Parliament and themselves ridiculous. The House passed unanimously a resolution condemning Mr. William Barkley for "gross libel and contempt" when he accused the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee of using his position to force Co-op brands of cigarettes on the press gallery. But I wish Mr. Coldrick had gone straight to the ordinary courts.

* * *

A Dutch friend of mine on her first visit to London has been greatly surprised at our arrangements for emptying dustbins—or, as it obviously seems to her, for not emptying them. In Amsterdam the dustbins are emptied at least four times a week and thoroughly cleaned each time before they're returned for use. I have often wondered why we put up with such primitive "public health" arrangements; I suppose this is the kind of slackness that persists until some crusader, a Plimsoll or a Davey or a Willett, makes such a nuisance of himself for so long that the evil is at last remedied by law—and the crusader goes down to history as "Dustbin Joe." The local authorities have a good answer at the moment, because dustmen are scarce and discriminating. But they have not been scarce throughout the sixty years that have elapsed since the London County Council obtained authority, in 1891, to make a by-law requiring dustbins to hold—irrespective of the weather—a week's collection of garbage (though not more than two cubic feet) and to have close-fitting lids. This is still the law; and the crusader could hardly begin better than by laying an information against the Royal Courts of Justice, whose dustbins stand nightly in Carey Street, without lids, and with the scraps from the juridical lunch-tables covered in flies.

* * *

I am beginning to wonder whether any of the Winston stories are authentic! Three correspondents write to say that he was not the originator of the 39 Articles joke that I recounted last week. One declares that it sprang new-born from the brain of the Papal Nuncio, the second that the original jester was Cardinal Griffin, who said it to the Bishop of London at a conference four years ago. The last correspondent tells me the reply is credited to the Pope himself on the occasion of a friendly call from Archbishop Lang. The story is certainly improved by being made by a Roman Catholic to an Anglican.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The War Office have ordered that all foreign girls planning to marry British soldiers must first be lectured on the realities of life in Britain.—*Evening Standard.* (E. Gilding.)

Who wants the services of educated woman and eight pedigree T.T. Jerseys and bull? Any job with unfurnished accommodation and salary and keep for Jerseys; experienced farm, guest house, housekeeping, good cook.—Advt. in *The Times.* (Joan Fowler.)

Mannequins Patricia Jouning and June Oakes arriving at Holloway Gaol last night to display a collection of next winter's "still-secret" fashions to 300 women prisoners.—*Daily Mirror.* (Dermot Morrah.)

Hastings and St. Leonards Rowing Club, after being granted a road transport permit for the conveyance of a racing boat from Hastings to Hammersmith for slight modifications, have been refused a road transport permit to bring it back again.—*Sunday Graphic.* (Frank Rhoden.)

In the two 5s. 6d. rows behind the Princess men sat in their shirt sleeves. They put their coats on when they recognised her.—*Daily Express* (T. D. Salmon.)

Ration Cards in Bihar

"MAN would have eaten man if the Government hadn't helped us," said the Bihari peasant to the civil servant who was with me in the villages that were reported to be starving. The civil servant turned to me and added: "If that had happened, your newspaper men and women would have been here in droves to send back front-page stories of cannibalism in Bihar." But on the assumption that good news is not news, that people want to know about horror and death and not about the patient work of salvation, reporters have ceased to come to Bihar. In any case, Bihar is a distant province of India about which we know little, and comparatively few readers would want to know how the anticipated famine was avoided.

Bihar is normally what it known as a "food deficit" area, especially North Bihar where 18 of its 40 millions live in thousands of small villages, the victims of monsoon, the victims of drought. For the whole of North Bihar—that is, Bihar north of the Ganges—is a vast plain crossed and recrossed by streams from the Himalayas which are torrential in the monsoonal rains and brown muddy rivulets in the dry season. When the Kosi River irrigation project materialises—and it is already too long delayed—this area will become a rich food-producing province, and the Kosi River itself will be under control. At the moment, it changes its courses by as much as a hundred miles, making both food production and communications a tremendous problem for the local authorities.

The monsoon had just burst when I travelled over North Bihar on July 15 in a two-seater Moth plane. We landed in a field where buffaloes were wallowing in the mud only a hundred yards away. Rivers, whose dry beds I'd seen only a week earlier changing into torrents in Nepal, had already burst their banks in Bihar, and miles upon miles of fields were already being planted with next year's rice. So they had also been planted last year. But before the thin green stalks could develop ears of grain, drought dried them into pale brown grasses which the peasants desperately harvested like hay. This was the second calamity which befell the people of Bihar. Some months before, their early crop of rabi had been destroyed by freakishly heavy rains. The spectre of famine was already on the horizon. Famine seemed inevitable when the third disaster occurred and 16 inches of rain, instead of the normal 2 to 3 inches, damaged practically the whole of the maize crop. If to these tricks of monsoon and drought we add the further factor that Nepal no longer supplies its old quota of rice to Bihar, we can easily see how a normal food deficit of 1½ million tons rose in the year 1950-51 to 3 millions.

That the disaster of famine was avoided in such conditions is little short of a miracle. It was a triumph of organisation by the civil administration of Bihar in co-operation with the villagers. British civil servants who have worked in past Indian famines may find it hard to believe that thousands of peasants stand in queues before special grain shops, each with a ration card entitling him to so much grain; that the food is not hoarded, and that so good has been the distribution that even in remote villages, now cut off by the monsoon, those who were expected to die a few months ago will in fact be alive.

The first step which the Bihar Government took to forestall famine was to approach the Government of India last October with a request for an increased allotment of foodgrains. The Government was short of foreign exchange and for months uncertain of supplies from overseas. Yet it responded to the S.O.S. from Bihar and, as month by month passed by, the allocations increased from 36,000 tons in January, 1951, to 49,000 tons in March and to 78,000 tons in April. But allocation was only half the problem; the other was transport and distribution. Flying over North Bihar, I saw the long lines of foodtrucks on a tiny metre-gauge railway—the only railway serving a population of 18 million people. The foodgrains had travelled up from Calcutta in broad-gauge trucks to chosen places along the banks of the Ganges, from which they were ferried over to the other side and then transferred to the small metre-gauge wagons, to motor-trucks, military lorries or to buffalo carts. To send them all the way by river took too long, and between Calcutta and Benares—at least 600 miles—there is no bridge over the Ganges. Those who were in charge of distribution in Patna and the village centres told me how they obtained the use of barges, small craft and country boats, military trucks and lorries to get the grains to the people. "We were literally living from wagon to mouth," one of them said, discussing the critical weeks of April and May when everybody believed famine was inevitable and the pessimists of the press began to sharpen their pencils to record mass starvation.

When I visited many villages in the Muzaffarpur district a fortnight ago, the crisis was already over. Every village had its Fair Price shop. Outside most of them there was a sample bottle of wheat and one of milo to show what was available, and a poster indicated the amount to which everyone was entitled. That week the amount was being increased to 12 ozs per head per day; in February last it was only 2 ozs and in May the figure had already increased to 9 ozs. Men, women and children came along with their ration cards, just as they might do in any English village. And the queues were just as orderly, except that, in a temperature of about 100 degrees, they mainly sat or squatted on the ground. People too poor to pay for their grains had a special card. The storekeepers gave receipts and the people, mostly illiterate, pressed their thumbs on to the ration sheets to show that they had had their allocation. People seemed happy and contented and there were no signs of tension.

This ration card system was a tremendous success; it ensured fair distribution, and, as someone remarked to me, it was a first-class method of applied mass-education. I looked at many foodgrain lists and receipt books and commented on what seemed to me to be rather an over-elaborate method of accounting. But I was told that the scheme had been most carefully worked out to be fool-proof against cheating. In the early days of this administration to prevent famine, one ration shop-keeper was detained for obtaining rations against bogus cards and disposing of them in the black market. A Declaration of Stocks Order in the early days was another precaution; it provided for the searching of premises to check hoarding. The scale of hoarding was small because price control and ration cards made it unprofitable. Police raids in fact only unearthed a few hidden stocks; 54 people were prosecuted. In future years the machinery set up by the Government to handle this crisis will be used to build up stocks of grains before the rains come; even this year all available storage accommodation has been surveyed in case it is needed in a few months' time.

But the provision of foodgrains was not in itself the only problem; the peasants needed money to purchase them. Aware of the shortage of purchasing power in the district, the Government had also provided a number of relief schemes. I saw roads that had been repaired; irrigation tanks and wells that were dug during the preceding six-months; embankments repaired and a canal re-excavated. Now that the rains and the sowing season have come, most of the workers on these projects have of course been transferred to agricultural work.

To complete the picture, I visited centres where free milk and dates were distributed to children. Masses of children collected in these distribution centres—the schools were still on holiday, where there were schools—bringing with them every conceivable shape and size of old bottle or broken crockery for their ration which they consumed "on the premises." The powdered milk was the gift of Unicef; the dates were provided by the Central Government of India. In most areas doctors had given inoculations against cholera, and tons of bleaching powder were available for the disinfection of suspected water.

In one village, the women invited me into their own section—the zenana. Out of a group of a dozen or so women, one of them spoke a little English; we discussed the rationing of foodgrains at some length, the problems of getting used to wheat and milo where they were used to rice. They all thought rationing a wonderful idea. "Now," they said, "we must have the same kind of scheme for cloth." Some steps had already been taken. In a few Fair Price stores I'd seen bales of cloth and saris, and on all of them there were marked, in large letters, the price at the mill, the wholesale and the retail prices.

Sunday morning in Bihar seemed very peaceful. I only saw one "incident." A crowd of us were sitting under a banyan tree when we saw a bullock cart pass by, heaped with petrol tins hidden under sacks of chillies and salt. Amongst us was a young district official whose suspicions were aroused, since the bullock cart was not coming from any direction in which petrol or kerosene was normally distributed. He challenged the owner and ordered him to open up a tin. The outside said "Diesel Oil"; but inside there was refined white kerosene which is much more expensive. The official had the power to seize the cargo, but not to arrest the owner. He unhitched the bullock and slunk away home, leaving the cart, the oil, the chillies and the salt in the middle of the road. He will have to explain his black-marketing activities to the local Court.

The threat of famine in Bihar has had the effect of building up an administrative machinery in thousands of remote villages; it has also created among the peasants a new kind of confidence in the Government. Hundreds of thousands of villagers whose deaths from starvation would have made headline news now trudge along behind their buffaloes (who would also have been victims). And if the rains come at the wrong time or don't come at all, the peasants needn't fear that man will bite dog, let alone turn cannibal. So in Delhi and London and New York the reporter and the cameraman and the television recorder agree that there is no news story in Bihar. But in Bihar itself the peasant may prefer to be alive and forgotten rather than one of a pile of corpses in an agency photograph.

Bihar, July. DOROTHY WOODMAN

Southend's Little Sister

IF you have never seen Canvey Island, you may picture it as I did. I understood it to be a mud-coloured sand-bank covered with crazily-leaning shacks of corrugated iron, moth-eaten tents, old railway carriages from the London, Tilbury and Southend line, and second-hand sentry-boxes. It had, according to this version, a summer population releasing its urban libido in a sustained and squalid saturnalia, and a week-end patronage of those volatile business-men whose characteristics are a retinue of mobile blondes and a significant distaste for cheque-books. So it was nosiness dressed up as sociology that took me down there from Fenchurch Street—to blunt itself on an unexpected (and architect-designed) brick wall of new-found respectability.

The urban district of Canvey-on-Sea, as its marginal salt-water position entitles it to call itself, lies plumb in the mouth of the Thames; five miles by two and a half, area 6,350 acres. As with the Isle of Thanet, "island" proves to be a strictly geographical expression: stand fifty yards from the water and you can see only the slopes of Kent and Essex on each side—you might be in the heart of either county. Canvey is entirely below sea-level, and whereas it appeared in Ptolemy's maps as a group of islands which he called Cnossos, it has existed since the seventeenth century by courtesy of the Dutch settlers who ditched and dyked it, and built their remarkable sea-wall. Most of the original wall was lost in January, 1881, when a tidal wave flooded the island; and the present one, made to the same pattern, is a solid ten-foot affair with packed shingle sides sloping out at 45 degrees, topped by a rough two-foot path on which you can walk round the island (with one small detour inland still enforced by "the military").

An estuary island, you suppose, should be rich in alluvial deposit, a place where anything will grow? Not, it seems, if you build a wall round it. Canvey's cracked and sun-baked clay supports three corn-growing farmers but no market gardeners; the ditching has given it lush meadows and some very healthy-looking cattle (though the liver-fluke makes sheep a risky proposition). And the rose gardens are truly astounding. Gardens? In the last twenty years Canvey has become an attractive housing estate. The mud-bank I expected to see has more than 300 named streets, already a third of them paved, the other two-thirds being grass-grown in summer and (I believe) mud-tracks in winter. There are miles of well-made motor-roads, a shopping centre similar to that of some of the older London suburbs, and hundreds of well-built houses ranging in present-day value from £3,000 to £15,000. The development is part of the South-East Essex Planning Unit, and the new estate is in every sense a garden suburb. The 12,000 regular inhabitants include a large number travelling daily to work in London from Benfleet Station, but these are diminishing as industry develops on the island in accordance with municipal plans: boat-building, electrical manufactures, clothing, sheet-metal, welding, oil-storage depots for ocean-going tankers that formerly had to go up to Tilbury, grass turves, cockles, and of course holiday catering—for 100,000 visitors. The strong community sense already expressed in more than fifty recreational, business, social and political associations is being fostered by the county authorities and the urban district council. And yet it would not be an exaggeration to say that all this has been made possible by the extraordinary energy of one man.

Lt.-Col. Horace Fielder owns and controls most of the island, builds and manages estates on it, serves its community as councillor and magistrate—and now runs a holiday camp with a total staff of three men. When I say runs, this is precisely what I mean. So far as I had time to observe, Colonel Fielder is a man who never walks. I spent a couple of breathless hours either following him on foot and trying to catch what he was saying, or bouncing about in his jeep as it tore round the island, using roads and fields impartially. With an expanse of "dead-ripe" land and a peculiar genius for circumventing building restrictions by the use of unorthodox materials, he has laid out a holiday camp on 35 acres at Thorney Bay, with 160 furnished "chalets" and pitches for 1,000 tents and 90 caravans, accommodating, at the height of the season, about 7,000 people. The whole site is well-drained: I arrived on the morning after a ten-hour deluge of rain and there was hardly a puddle to be seen. Most of the buildings are of licence-free timber and corrugated asbestos sheeting, many of the doors were formerly table-tops in N.A.A.F.I. canteens, and the mattresses, blankets, and equipment have been bought at Government disposal-board sales. The camp has main drainage, flush toilets, mains water, gas and electricity. And the charge for a chalet accommodating four people is £2 a week in May, £2 10s. in June, and £3 in July. Visitors can pitch their own caravans for £1 a week and their own tents for 10s., using all the camp facilities—which include hot baths. If they don't want to pay for meals at the camp restaurant, they buy their own food (there are camp shops) and cook it on slot-meter gas-stoves.

"Where else in the country," Colonel Fielder asked me with outstretched hands, "could a poor family get holiday accommodation at ten bob a head? And when they go back home, they start saving for the next year and send me their savings weekly; then, when they next come down, I tot up what they've saved, knock off the chalet rent for their week, and give them back the rest to spend." Before I could say anything appropriate he had dashed on, and it was some time before I could jump in front of him to ask why he charged £5 for a chalet in August? "Keep out the rough stuff," he said. "I don't need the money—this place makes thousands. But it'd be a nightmare here at £2 in August." Nightmares are relative, I thought to myself; to me, even in June, the place would be no midsummer night's dream. I don't see why the man who must take his holidays in the school break should have to pay double, even if the family are "rough stuff." But then, I never did.

There was absolutely no doubt, however, that the campers were enjoying themselves. The cooking facilities are really admirable, the sleeping accommodation adequate and clean, the supplies in the camp shops enough for holiday needs. There are swings and a model railway for the children, an open-air cinema twice a week, Punch and Judy, a miniature golf-course—and immediate access to a beach that looks sandy but is really composed of microscopic shells. The beach looks on to the pleasant Kentish coast between Sheerness and Tilbury and an endless procession of big ships. Above all, the air is invigorating. The campers are induced by the prevalent (and by no means unpleasant) tang of seaweed to throw open their chests and take great gulps of what they believe to be ozone; and, because they nearly all come from the crowded East End of London, great gulps of any fresh air must do them all good. They love it, and they love "the Colonel," who has laid it all on—and who, having done so, leaves his guests to themselves. It is the latter detail, plus the improvised amenities of the camp, that distinguishes it from the geraniums-and-gingerbread holiday camps at which the middle classes pay 8 to 10 guineas a week to a kind of pageant master.

You might expect that Colonel Fielder's sponsorship of the cheap holiday camp would have lowered his stock among the propertied residents. As far as I could ascertain, he is universally acclaimed, and it is a form of blasphemy to inquire. He has "made Canvey," put it on the map as a healthy, well-found holiday resort only 30 miles (six-and-fourpenny return fare) from London. But one central fact becomes clear when you talk to Canvey's residents: its emancipation has followed the course of all England's large towns since the early nineteenth century—the construction of sewers. The absence of main drainage and water supply was Canvey's shame and possibly the source of its ill-repute. Nearly half the houses on the island are still without these amenities (as are so many of our English villages); but the process of installation is going forward rapidly, despite an average cost of £70 to householders. Decent sanitation appears once more as the means of grace, I reflected as I came back over the little lifting bridge to Benfleet on the mainland. And with unconscious aptness a poster on the bridge, calling the natives to Canvey's super-cinema, heralded *Clochemerle*.

C. H. Rolph

The Building of the New Massalia

Eight years ago I told in these columns the story of the destruction of the Vieux-Port district of Marseilles, ordered by Himmler and carried out jointly by the German occupation army and Laval's militia, on January 24, 1943. My account had been pieced together from German, French and Swiss reports ; and when I visited Marseilles again for the first time after the war, in 1947, I found it to have been substantially correct. I have just visited the city once more to see what is being done in the way of reconstruction. The man in charge of this unique project is Colonel Saint-Péron, a remarkable character who works in a wooden shack just behind the devastated area.

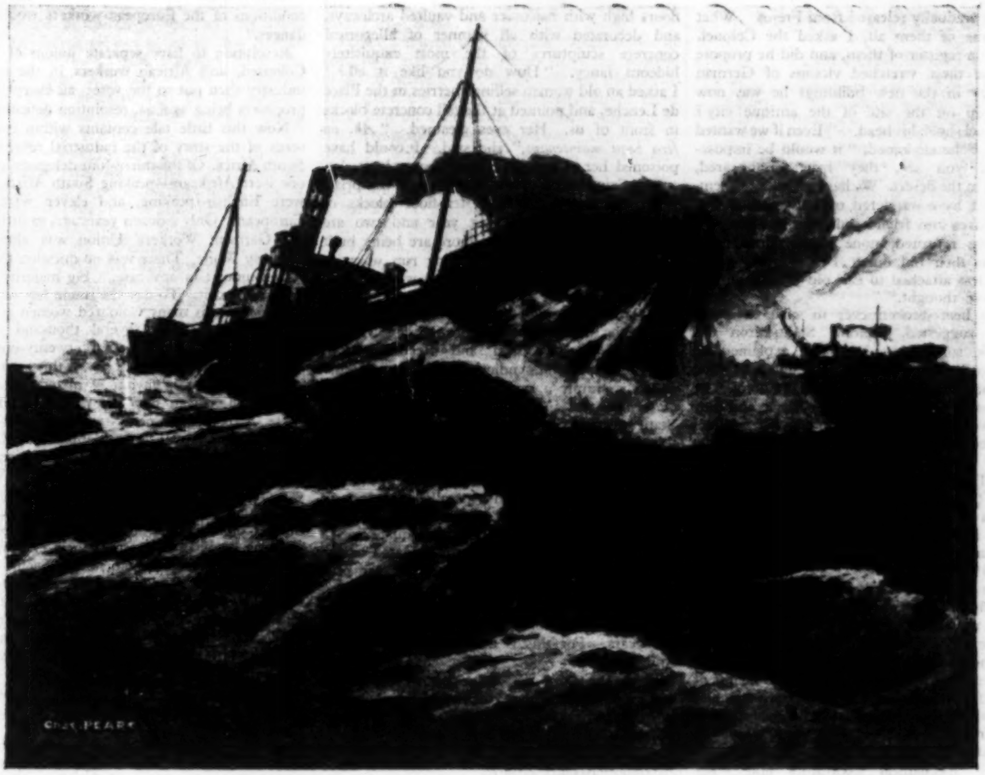
To understand what he is doing one must remember what happened here eight years ago. Himmler's original order required, first, "the arrest of the vast numbers of criminals in Marseilles and their transfer to German concentration camps, about 100,000 in all" ; secondly, "the radical demolition of the lower part of the city by dynamite in such a way that its inhabitants will be wiped out by the mere force of the explosions" ; and thirdly, "the profound gratitude of France to Germany for tidying up this pigsty for them."

The first requirement was impossible to fulfil since the total of inhabitants of the proscribed area numbered only a quarter of the figure stipulated by Himmler, and of these but a small proportion could be termed criminals. The second was circumvented by M. Barreau, the courageous Prefect of Marseilles, who saw to it that the evacuation, though precipitate and disorderly, was carried out without loss of life. The third demand has been met, in a belated, grudging and roundabout fashion. The people of the Vieux-Port district are not grateful to the Germans for having inflicted misery and suffering upon them as ghastly as it was unnecessary, although they have forgotten it since the sufferers are no longer among them. But they are genuinely grateful to the Germans for having enforced something they themselves would never have had the heart to do—the destruction of what was once the oldest Greek settlement on the shores of the Western Mediterranean. Now Massalia is being rebuilt.

Of course Massalia was a slum. These forty-odd dark and narrow streets scrambling from the quay of the Lacydon basin up the majestic hill of Accoules were renowned throughout the world as a dangerous den of vice, crime and prostitution. Here, as an earlier writer has said, the great whore of Europe opened herself in a wide embrace to the amorous vengeance of the down-trodden, exploited dark continent. Here Africa pressed the leper's kiss on Europe's brow: all the races and colours of the Mediterranean shores—Greek, Italian, French, Arab and Negro—concocted in twenty-four centuries, lived in the Old Port. Here a wanted man could disappear and stay in hiding for years without risk of being caught. But if this was the world's worst slum, it was also its most ancient. The condemned district was, in fact, identical with the antique Massalia, a name given to it by its Phocaean founders and later changed by the Romans to Massilia. When Colonel Saint-Péron dug up the foundations of the ancient city, after the rubble had been cleared away, he came upon a large number of vestiges of the late Greek and early Roman settlements—half a dozen antique well-pits, the remnants of a temple of Diana of Ephesus, a small and well-preserved late Greek amphitheatre, much pottery and a few delightful small Greek statuettes.

Even on January 24, 1943, the majority of "Massalians" had nothing to do, or in common, with vice and crime. They were, for the most part, fishermen, small craftsmen and artisans, retired harbour officials, merchant sailors and other genuine characters from Marcel Pagnol's films, and the prostitutes among them were never more than about a thousand. Numbering 24,000 in all, they were dumped by Laval's men in the concentration camp at Fréjus. Saint-Péron, when I talked to him, was most intrigued by this "demographic phenomenon." Although a slum, this was not a poor district ; people lived modestly but securely and happily. Yet this population of 24,000, inhabiting a total of 1,200 "immeubles," or 20 persons per house, was made up of 7,500 individual households. This was odd. The average Marseilles lower middle-class family numbers five. The Colonel's conclusion is that a large proportion of the population of the Vieux-Port at the time of its destruction consisted of single people living by themselves.

This explains what happened to them after



COAL FROM NEWCASTLE

In the chain of delivery of coal from the pit face to the domestic hearth and factory furnace, not the least hazardous link is the collier. Honour to the seamen, from whatever port they may ply. Honour, too, to the great army of miners, working hundreds of feet below ground — often in discomfort, always in danger — denied the sunlight and the open air. Less recognised is the fundamental part which the British chemical industry plays in coal mining. Were it not for the chemist very little coal would be brought to the surface at an economic cost. Explosives are used in pit sinking, road making, ripping and brushing work, as well as in the actual coal-getting. Coal mines are of two kinds — " open light " mines, which are not dusty or gassy, in which either black powder or explosives may be used; and " safety lamp " mines in which it is compulsory to use only explosives known as " Permitteds ", specially designed to prevent gas or dust from igniting. The range of these is so comprehensive that all types of stone and coal, hard or soft, may be adequately treated. " Permitted " explosives must always be fired by means of an electric detonator and their use is today made still safer by a sheathing consisting of a mixture which blankets and cools the gases arising in the shot-firing. British chemical research in explosives contributes not only to the ease and economy with which coal is produced, but to the safety and well-being of the men who work in coal mines.

ICI

P.R.14

they were gradually released from Fréjus. What had become of them all, I asked the Colonel. Was there a register of them, and did he propose to rehouse these wretched victims of German inhumanity in the new buildings he was now running up on the site of the antique city? The Colonel shook his head. "Even if we wanted to do this," he explained, "it would be impossible. For you see, they have disappeared, like water in the desert. We have no trace of them. They must have wandered off and gone to live with relatives and friends, all over the country. None have returned, none have claimed new homes for their old ones. Perhaps they were, after all, less attached to this old place than one would have thought."

Or too heart-broken ever to wish to see it again, I suggested. Colonel Saint-Péron did not think so. "You see," he explained in fluent North African war-time English, "even if they had returned, this would no longer be a place for them. They wouldn't like it, and they could never afford it. See for yourself. When the project is complete it will house 2,400 families. That is one-third of the former population. There will be light and air and green spaces. *Ça sera un quartier riche—*." This was indeed a "demographic phenomenon." The new city is being built largely with the help of E.R.P. funds. At the snap of a finger we were back in 1951.

In June, 1947, the traces of the vanished 24,000 were still visible. The scene looked then as desolate as anything war-time bombing had perpetrated. Massalia had been truly cut in half. The lower part, rising from the quay-side half-way up the hill of Accoules to the height of the Rue Thomé and the Rue de la Caisserie, had been blown up by the Germans and cleared away by the French. Where it once stood there was now an enormous gaping white hole at the bottom of which mechanical excavators and other gadgets, grey and tiny like beetles, were busy scraping the bones of antiquity and baring them to the blistering sun for the first time in 2,500 years. Above this enormous gaping wound, the upper part of Massalia, including the lovely market square of the Place de Lenche, the unique Place des Treize Coins, and the Fontaine de Caylus under its enormous dark plane trees, was intact, brimful of swarming life, and still is to-day. Four years ago this strange city, suspended in mid-air above a yawning precipice, was at last able, for the first time since antique days, to look out unhindered over the port of Lacydon, across the bustling harbour shipping to the shimmering whiteness of Notre Dame de la Garde and away towards the East whence came its first inhabitants.

It was a brief spell of freedom above the vestiges of slum-clearing vandalism. To-day it is all shut in again. Gigantic sky-scraper blocks of flats of the worst French suburban type, massive, coarse, shrilly exhibitionist in their utter abandon to every conceivable variation of tastelessness, have risen and are still rising from their Phocaean foundations, and are once more barring the view. What is left of Massalia has tucked itself back into its own sombre and self-contained antiquity behind a monstrously pompous shield of pink and ochre cement, ten floors high with balconies and vaulted archways, and decorated with all manner of allegorical concrete sculptures of the most exquisitely hideous fancy. "How do you like it all?" I asked an old woman selling cherries in the Place de Lenche, and pointed at the tall concrete blocks in front of us. Her eyes gleamed. "*Ah, on fera beau maintenant,*" she said. I could have poisoned her cherries if I had known how.

Col. Saint-Péron's New Massalia will comprise, when completed, 17 large ten-floor blocks of which nine were built last year and two are already inhabited while six more are being built this year. The blocks are being run up with nightmare speed, and one wonders whether they will last another twenty-five centuries. The total cost is estimated at 4,000 million francs which the State advances through the M.U.R. (Ministry of Urbanism and Reconstruction) to an "Association syndicale de reconstruction," which is simply a syndicate of "propriétaires" of former sites and demolished buildings. The State advances come largely from Marshall Aid, this year's outlay being 1,200 million francs. Construction costs are astonishingly low since the "*groupement de propriétaires*" works, on a competitive basis, with a parallel "*groupement d'entreprises,*" and this results in a building cost of 20,000 francs (£225) per square metre of floor space. The property is valuated on the 1939 basis plus 20 per cent, and former proprietors and landlords, who are compensated in exact ratio to their former holdings, are sure to recoup their complete value again within a few years. For this is now a "*quartier riche.*" And looks it.

From the Quai des Belges, however, at the bottom of the Canebière, the little motor launches still take one on trips to Château d'If, for a mere 100 francs. The boats are all called "Monte Christo" and advertise meaningfully "*Départs Accélerés—Retours Assurés.*"

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

Marseilles, July.

Place a definite order with your newsagent or become a Direct Postal Subscriber. Full particulars are given on page 137 of this issue.
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

The Hope for White and Black

THE scene is a dusty room off Commissioner Street towards the end of 1950. A delegate conference of the Garment Workers' Union, thirty four strong, is discussing the union's constitution. The delegates are mostly women: strong, self-confident, very much the masters of their fate. The atmosphere is rather tense. Should White workers and Non-European workers be organised in the same union? In the Transvaal, if not in the Cape Province or even in Natal, this is still a fighting issue. Two Afrikaans-speaking delegates have brought forward a resolution to prevent such mingling of the races. One of them, a Mrs. Combrink, exclaims in disgust: "I, a white South African, being classed with *them*!"

"Katie Viljoen (Port Elizabeth, Cape Province) appealed to Mrs. Combrink to remain calm when speaking. She said"—I am quoting from the minutes—"that the position in Port Elizabeth (Cape Province) ten years ago was that a majority of members were Europeans. To-day 80 per cent. were Non-Europeans . . . Wages ten years ago were less than in Cape Town and Durban but to-day they are much higher than in these two centres, due to the loyal support of *all* sections of members . . . Workers of whatever colour should all stand together and unite. If we want to uplift the condition of the workers," concluded Mrs. Viljoen, "we must be united, otherwise the conditions of the European workers would be in danger."

Resolution to have separate unions of White, Coloured, and African workers in the garment industry then put to the vote: all except its two proposers being against, resolution defeated.

Now this little tale contains within itself the seeds of the story of the industrial revolution in South Africa. Of the thirty-four delegates, twenty-one were Afrikaans-speaking South Africans, two were English-speaking, and eleven were Non-Europeans. Only a dozen years ago, or little more, the Garment Workers' Union was almost exclusively White. There was no question then of a mixed union; in any case, a big majority would have refused it. To-day the union has within its ranks almost as many Coloured women as White women, as well as several thousand African women. And nineteen out of twenty-one Afrikaans-speaking delegates at this particular conference were in favour of mixed unions.

Does this mean that the racial prejudices of these Afrikaner women, under the pressure of industrialism, have now disappeared? Or that they vote progressively rather than Nationalist in politics? On the whole, apparently not. What is certainly true, though, is that Solly Sachs, who is the strong and energetic general secretary and builder of this powerful union, has succeeded in weaning many of them from their extreme positions. And some of them, under Sachs' leadership, have lost their racial prejudices altogether and have grown into completely sane and forward-looking human beings. They have come from the biblical obscurantism of the backveld and have learnt by bitter experience to shed their prejudices one by one.

"We have about six hundred shop stewards who take a progressive attitude to the colour question," said Johanna Cornelius, one of the stalwarts and founders of the union. Her own case is interesting. She comes from the *platteland,* from a family which is Nationalist by tradition, conviction, and the deepest prejudice. It took her years after she came to Johannesburg, she told me, to get used to the idea that the English were human, while for a long time after that she continued to regard the Africans as being "pretty well sub-human." But for some fifteen years now Mrs. Cornelius has fought the battle of her union, which is also the battle for the entry of Non-Europeans into industry.

Many Europeans in the last decade of industrial expansion have learnt the hard lesson that the competition of the Non-Europeans can be used by employers to lower European standards only if the workers remain disunited. "Katie Viljoen's an example of that," said Mrs. Cornelius: "She comes from a staunchly Nationalist Afrikaner family in the Orange Free State. She was an ordinary garment worker, and she joined the union. In fact I brought her in myself. Katie became a shop steward; and now she is one of the leaders of our union. And every time she took a step forward in the union, she conquered another of her prejudices. She is now a City Councillor for Port Elizabeth and the secretary of our local branch."

While the old-established White unions remain for the most part within the fetters of their rigid colour bar—and the dismal state of the White mineworkers' organisation presents the saddest example of what happens to a union after years of that—most of the newer unions which have arisen from the growth of South African industry have a mixed membership. Taking their example from the garment workers, the workers in tobacco, sweet-making, leather, and increasingly in other trades have widened their horizons and based themselves on the principle of accepting all workers of whatever colour. The effectiveness of this is limited, of course, by the fact that South African legislation refuses to admit that African men are "employees" and, therefore, may take part in collective bargaining or join "recognised unions"; but a decision won by the garment workers does enable African women, oddly enough, to escape this ban.

It would be wrong to read too much into these signs of racial integration. The Nationalists are working day and night to counter them, and, at least in the short run, will to some extent succeed. Yet the really decisive fact about contemporary South Africa is not the enraged racialism of the Nationalists, for that has only brought to boiling point the simmering hatred of White for Black which has darkened the long history of White settlement in this country. Much more important is the fact that South Africa is now going through the process of industrial revolution. Paradoxically enough, it has been left to the Nationalists to expand an economy which, so long as it was dominated by the United Party and the Chamber of Mines, seemed fated to remain primarily a market for British exports. It was the Hertzog Government of the 'twenties which founded an iron and steel industry, and gave an impetus to manufacturing. The second world war imposed acute shortages in British and other exports, and manufacturing shot ahead. Surveyed to-day, the results tell a remarkable story.

In 1938 there were 143,760 Europeans employed in non-mining industry in the Union of South Africa; by 1948 the numbers had risen to 210,438. but the number of Non-Europeans so employed had meanwhile risen from 204,000 to 401,000: Africans in industry (as distinct from Coloured and Asiatic workers) had increased from 156,204 to 308,080—and their average wage from £45 a year to £103. Secondary industry to-day accounts for over 22 per cent. of the South African national income—or more than double the contribution of gold mining. According to H. J. van Eck, the chairman of the State-financed Industrial Development Corporation which was founded in 1940, "the gross value of output in secondary industry was £106 million in 1927/28, £187 million in 1937/38, and £583 million in 1947/48. This expansion continues. "I really feel," Mr. van Eck told me, "that we are starting a new era."

And well he might. For South Africa is blessed with the classical pre-conditions for a rapid growth of industry. She has large supplies of wonderfully accessible coal of good quality; she has plenty of iron ore and other minerals; she has the whole thirsty market of Southern Africa available to her; and—if she can only learn to understand it—she has large supplies of labour. But the industrialisation of labour, of course, implies the education of labour—implies, as the garment workers and their friends have learnt, the treatment of prospective workers as civilised human beings. These are elementary lessons which the "advanced civilisation" of White South Africa has generally found beyond its grasp. The most that can be said is that a number of employers in secondary industry have begun to see the light, and to press, as the President of the South African Federated Chamber of Industries lately did, "for more practical demonstrations of good will and interest in the welfare of the largest section of our population, the Native people." Some of these employers have also understood that higher wages for African employees mean a bigger market for their own goods; and, by extension, that higher wages imply the need for specialised training of Africans. The same may be said to some extent of the Oppenheimer mining interests, now dabbling with the—to the Gold Producers' Committee—revolutionary idea of a non-migratory labour force on the new goldfields in the Free State.

Hence a crucial contradiction. While powerful emotional and political forces drive the peoples of South Africa ever more bitterly and irreconcilably apart, the growth of industry drives them back into an ever closer economic integration. The irresistible force of economic integration is opposed to the immovable object of White prejudice. *Eppure si muove*: it is the irresistible force which wins and must win, although no more than a handful of people in South Africa seem to realise this. Nothing is more pathetic about the Nationalists, indeed (or about the more monolithic elements in the United Party), than their bottomless inability to understand what is happening in their own country. In one breath they are capable of defending the harshest treatment of the hated African—and in the next of discussing the fellow as if he were their little golden asset for the future. The integration of Black and White society is taking place, through industrialism, under their very eyes; and yet they and most South African Whites continue to babble forth the old myths and slogans as if the world had stopped with Rhodes and Kruger.

Industrialisation can save South Africa in more senses than one. The evil of the Nationalists is that they are promoting and permitting this industrialisation under conditions which are not only terrible but are also intended to be permanent. To a bitter class struggle they add a bitter racial struggle. In the name of "anti-Communism" they persecute the best trade unionists and leaders of the working people; and at the same time they drive the Africans now entering the ranks of industry into extremes of hatred. The destination of the Nationalists can be only ruin and disaster. Yet it may be that the process in which they are themselves involved, deeply if unconsciously, will operate to prevent them, before it is too late, from dragging South Africa down with them.

BASIL DAVIDSON

So They Say . . .

As far as most newspaper readers were concerned, the crisis of conscience in the national press over Spain began to develop on July 18, with large headlines:—

> *Daily Herald*: SPAIN ROW BLOWS UP—U.S. SENATORS TELL BRITAIN: KEEP OUT.
>
> *Daily Express*: FRANCO SACKS TEN TOP MEN—RESHUFFLE TO SPEED U.S. TALKS.
>
> *News Chronicle*: FRANCO TELLS U.S. HIS PRICE.

While the *Daily Worker* fulminated against "butcher Franco," the *Daily Herald* quietly put the Government case:—

> Both the means whereby the present Spanish Government was installed in power and the methods of administration which it practises cannot be forgotten. They make it impossible for the British Government to accept the view that democratic forces in the West would be strengthened by [its] enlistment. . . .

Other papers, however, found no difficulty in swallowing such objections. The *Daily Telegraph* found the American attitude "statesmanlike," adding that "common sense" demanded British support for it, but that it was perhaps "too much to expect [the Government] to put the needs of sound foreign policy before the dictates of home politics." The *Daily Express* compared America's approach to Franco with "the great precedent"—Mr. Churchill's alliance with Stalin in 1941. The *Daily Mail* thought that Spain might be "converted," like Turkey: in any case, "because the tradesman round the corner is not eligible for your club you do not refuse to make use of his services"

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The Times, 16.11.50.

Future Publications

During the autumn we will publish reproductions of Rubens' "Le Chapeau de Paille," Jan Breughel's "The Adoration of the Kings," Manet's "Les Paveurs de la Rue de Berne" (The Road-menders), and Renoir's "Jean Renoir" (Boy Drawing).

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The Times reassured its readers that "the days are long past [for fears] that an American interest in Spain meant that the American chiefs of staff wished to drop their armies back beyond the Pyrennees if Western Europe were attacked." The *Manchester Guardian,* on July 21, however, following its surprising despatch from Alastair Cooke (CHIEFS OF STAFF DEMAND AN OBEDIENT ALLY: UNCERTAINTY OVER ATOMIC BASES), was "disturbed" at the "doubt, raised once again by the search for bases in Spain, that Europe may be abandoned without a serious fight." It concluded also that "the cost in moral terms may be heavy."

By Sunday, July 22, the needles were running smoothly in their grooves. FRANCO FACES HUMBUG FROM OUR LEFT, wrote the *Sunday Dispatch* political commentator, stating that "you can call Spain's dictatorship Fascist if you like, but that word is nowadays little more than a seven-letter rude word from the Communist dictionary." Scrutator in the *Sunday Times* weighed up the military advantages against the political drawbacks, and doubted whether the "moral stigma of accepting [Spanish bases]" would outweigh the advantages.

Reynold's News, however, gagged at what it considered a bitter pill: THIS MAN OUR ALLY? NEVER! It wanted to know how the West could "assert that our cause is the defence of freedom, tolerance and social justice if we bring in a man who hates all three." In the *Sunday Pictorial,* Richard Crossman argued that "if the Atlantic Pact is to work, America must keep in step with her European allies, even if she thinks we are making a mistake in refusing to accept a Fascist State as an ally." And the *Observer* summed up:—

> The American move . . . inflicts a damaging blow on our prestige and dignity. It weakens the Atlantic Treaty. It introduces a factor of intrigue and jealousy into Western Europe and opens a way for Europe's Fascists in every country to compete with Europe's democrats for America's favours.

In the *News Chronicle* on July 23 Vernon Bartlett wrote that "man still matters more than the machine, and to many people in Europe any form of alliance with Franco would seem to be the betrayal of their youth." And Don Iddon in the *Daily Mail* reported from America that "the way some of the Press here are behaving, you would think that the Spanish are more desirable allies than the British or French."

On July 25, the *Guardian* returned to condemning the American policy as "regrettable," while continuing its series of analytical articles on "The Spanish Problem" by the correspondent of *Le Monde.* But the *Daily Telegraph* ran a feature headed LIBERALISING TRENDS IN FRANCO SPAIN. *The Times* argued that Europe was wrong in opposing America's decision to arm Spain—not, it seems, on moral grounds, but because it "cannot be effective in present circumstances."

There was very little editorial comment on Mr. Morrison's restatement of the British attitude in last week's foreign affairs debate. Certainly there was none which made its point so effectively as Robert Waithman's moving "open letter" to an American Senator in the *News Chronicle,* in which he recalled the high idealism and sacrifice of the Civil War years.

The *Daily Telegraph,* however, continued to attack the "attitude, on ideological grounds, of British Socialist leaders—characteristically sustained in this by the T.U.C.—towards any plans for strengthening Spain." Finally, the *Evening Standard* on July 26 produced the most facile assurance of the whole lot:—

> Twelve years ago, the Spanish civil war was an issue on which many people felt very deeply. That war is over, the issue settled. . . .

AUTOLYCUS

Irish Quarter

To be mean was English, to be extravagant was English, to be gluttonous was English, to be a bad cook was English, to be prudish was English, to be vulgar was English, to be unimaginative was English, to be empty-headed was English, to be cold was English and, above all, to be lecherous was English. But the three curses of Ireland, Grandmother said, were drinking, gambling, and quarrelling, and these were worse than all the English vices put together, for they'd put Ireland in England's power.

She told me terrible stories of the Great Famine and the Boycott Troubles and the Easter Rebellion and the Troubles of the 'twenties. There was the little boy seeing his mother eating a piece of bread, watching her with big eyes, and saying, "Mother, I'll give you the button off my coat for that piece of bread." And there were the English clergy giving soup to the starving Irish—if they'd turn Protestant. That was why all Irish Protestants were called soupers. She told me about her father being evicted from his farm because he'd allowed evicted tenants to camp on his land. The family had to walk to Dublin in the dead of winter; and no one dared shelter them for fear of sharing their fate. And by the time they reached Dublin their shoes had worn out and they had to tie straw round their feet. They came over to England, she said, with little more than the clothes they stood up in. Then there was her Uncle Willie, a young Fenian who'd been beaten up in a cell under Blackersford Town Hall and died soon after as a result of his injuries. And her cousin James, who was working in a field in County Cork, doing no one any harm, when a lorry-load of Black-and-Tans came by and riddled him with bullets for the sport of it.

But, she said, we hadn't to judge them entirely by their wicked rulers and the Black-and-Tans, and in any case they were so unhealthy and had such small families that soon the Irish would be filling the country anyway. The best thing to do, she said, was to live decently, work hard, and to treat them just as if they were Christians.

Her views on war were mixed but not confused. The English, she said, weren't much good at fighting except against poor unarmed black men; they had to get the Irish to do all the real fighting for them. They couldn't run the Army without the Irish, she'd say with pride. At the same time she was uncompromisingly against all wars; they were only started, she said, to make business men and politicians rich. "There was John O'Hara," she said, "a grand young man with a head of red hair you'd see a mile away and a voice that'd win the birds off the bushes. They sent him to Aldershot and he slept in a leaky tent in the bitter cold and died of pneumonia.

"And your Uncle John'll tell you how a German airman was shot down over his camp, and he came forward with his hands up and a smile on his face—only a child of nineteen he was with fair hair and blue eyes—and a lot of Australian soldiers that were there tore him to pieces. Your Uncle John says he still sees that young man's body sometimes, with his eyes hanging out on his face. Afterwards, they found he was wearing a crucifix round his neck."

She voted Labour because she thought that for the poor to vote Tory was to kiss the foot that kicked them. Her politics had nothing to do with Marx but was a simple choice between the hard-faced, bloated profiteers on 'Change and the men like Fred Judson who gave their lives striving for things like water-closets for the poor (this sounds very funny if you have never seen a child die of typhus). Fred Judson regarded the Irish immigrants as human beings, too. In fact, he did far more for them than most of their rich countrymen; the few Irishmen in Blackersford who became financial successes generally very quickly forgot where they came from. Grandmother looked upon them all with equal distaste—the pawnbroker endowing schools and churches to the blare of trumpets, the bookie calling himself a commission agent and his wife covering her fat body with furs and her adenoidal Dublin with fake Kensington, the publican whom everybody knew had sold his soul to the devil buying a Daimler and talking about "we middle classes."

In any case Grandmother despised all business men; she said that no one could make a lot of money without losing his soul. Apart from this, she considered moneymaking vulgar: in her eyes the only people who existed socially were manual workers, professional men, and the clergy. All professional entertainers and particularly film people she dismissed as being full of the devil—except for John McCormack who could sing even better than my Uncle Willie and who was a good decent man who'd stuck to the Faith. She had a certain respect for Bing Crosby too; he couldn't sing, she said, but he was a Catholic, and there must be some good in a man named Crosby (her maiden name was Crosby). And he had the same wife as he'd begun with, and four children.

For with Grandmother a large family was synonymous with virtue and happiness. She said that children were God's greatest blessing and you had to welcome them. The English didn't really like children; they preferred dogs. And that was why their women were so unhealthy, always having operations, she said contemptuously, "I know their operations . . ." Then she wouldn't tell me any more, with the result that for years I thought that ill-health in women was a direct result of their keeping dogs.

She lived in the heart of the Irish Quarter of Blackersford, opposite St. Kevin's Church, which was built for the first wave of immigrants round about the time of the Famine. To me she *was* the Irish Quarter: because she was there, those long black streets could never be depressing or dull. To this day I feel more at home in the Irish Quarter than anywhere else—the stationer's shop with comic postcards and Sacred Heart medallions, the little off-licence shops smelling of mice and cheese, the dark church where the silence is almost violent, the pubs which seem permanently fixed in the Victorian period and which have a surprising likeness in atmosphere to the church—all these are not only home but poetry. She knew so much about the people who lived there that the whole place was never anything else but vividly alive to me—not thousands of social units but thousands of human beings, each with a name and face and history. Winter was the best time because it was the most mysterious and savage: alleys twisting into darkness, empty shops with their boarded windows blind with failure, tusslings in the patch of waste ground behind the hoardings near the church, the night flung like mud against the light. But there were moments late on summer evenings when the whole world was gentle, when the smoke softened the city's hard face, when the voices of the women gossiping on their doorsteps and the sound of the bells of St. Kevin's would blend into one—the racial voice, the timeless, unhurried Irish voice timelessly passing the time.

Grandmother told me all about the families of St. Kevin's. Each word would be a final judgment. Raffertys, for instance, were all liars. They were very clever and they were hardworking decent people, but if they told you that the sun would rise in the East to-morrow then as sure as God's mercy it would rise in the West. The Noonans, on the other hand, were very truthful, they'd get themselves hanged telling the truth. But they couldn't keep off the drink. There was never a Noonan yet could keep off the drink. And then take the Monahans. They were a grand-looking lot, and very charming, but you hadn't to be friendly with a Monahan. You hadn't to be taken in by their sloothering ways. They always died in the Church—Joe Monahan cried like a child with fear until the priest came—but they always lost their faith. They got married in the Methodist Church—and then she would look very severe and shocked, this being the ultimate in wickedness. And she would go on to tell me about some other family, classifying them all without a moment's hesitation.

And, I discovered much later, she was always right. The Irish community of Blackersford did have strongly marked hereditary characteristics, which were further accentuated by the fact that all the Irish stuck closely together. They had to. When Grandfather Henry was a young man, for example, he went to play football with the St. Kevin team against a non-Catholic team at Dow Moor. St. Kevin's won, and the crowd stoned them. Grandfather came home with his face swollen and bleeding and both eyes closed up. And when Grandmother was a girl she had to give up her job as a teacher because she needed more money, and go to work in the mill. She was the only Irish girl there, and, with flaming red hair and the name Bridget Crosby, she couldn't have denied being Irish even if she'd wanted to. Before the day was out, everyone from the manager downwards came to look at her; and when work finished all the girls formed into two lines and she had to walk between them. "I held my head high," she said, "and I walked slowly down as if I were a queen and they came to admire me. And they made way for me like a queen. And I never had any trouble from that day on. But if I'd been a poor frightened little thing, if I'd tried to hide, they'd have kicked me to death. Always remember, child, as long as you're not frightened no one will harm you."

As long as you're not frightened no one will harm you. Grandmother died before the last war. When I was a little boy I thought of her as someone who never could be really harmed or defeated, as solid and strong as St. Kevin's Church. But now I'm not so sure. I think she belonged to a lost civilisation—she took for granted freedoms and decencies which are fantastic dreams to-day. For a new wave of immigrants has come to the Irish Quarter—Poles, Italians, Letts, Yugoslavians, Lithuanians, Germans, Ukrainians—from countries which make the Ireland of Captain Boycott and even the Black-and-Tans seem like Utopia. The pattern is the same as before: the foreign faces, the strange accents, the strange customs and ritual, the dreadful stories of oppression, the hostility and mistrust of the people around them. For the Irish Quarter receives them in much the same way as the English received *their* ancestors.

But there's one difference. The new immigrants don't come as families, there are no old people with them. Grandmother's father brought his mother with him, and all his children, and could have brought with him whoever he wanted as long as he had the money for their fare. My grandfather's father came to England because he drank too much, and his family were tired of him. He could have come to England whatever he had been—not all the Irish immigrants were the innocent victims of persecution. But there are no drunkards amongst the new immigrants, no Fenians, no idlers, no jailbirds; only workpeople, only social units, numbers to clock in; and each of them has a passport, they couldn't just come to England because they wanted to.

And one vision troubles me more and more. It's a vision of an old woman in a world where age and womanhood are not respected. It's the vision of an old woman whose house has been burned down and whose children have left her; they couldn't take her with them because she was too old to work. It's the vision of someone not wanted because she's old, because all she has to give is wisdom and kindness and love in a world where no one exists unless they are useful to the State. She didn't live to see this world, but she told me about it plainly enough: when she said that all rulers were bad men because they didn't believe in God and that bad men always did bad things, and that war always turned the people bad and cruel too, I didn't believe her. It was too simple. Now I know that she was right.

J. G. BRAINE

The Arts and Entertainment

KING'S LYNN

A SETTING both beautiful and historical, associations around which interesting programmes can be built, good performances and good halls to hold them in—these must make for a successful festival. And when the setting is a small town which boasts Royal patronage, two market places, two Guildhalls (one the largest surviving medieval Guildhall in England), streets which alternate between bland Georgian and tumbling medieval, then the success is all but assured. Dr. Burney, Lord Nelson, and the restored Guildhall made a triple base for the King's Lynn festival, and Haydn's Nelson Mass its crown. For Nelson was born twenty miles away; Dr. Burney, in part responsible for bringing Haydn to England in 1791, was for nine years parish-organist at St. Margaret's; and when Haydn was writing his D minor *Missa in Angustiis* seven years later, and heard the result of the Battle of Aboukir Bay, he wrote into the Benedictus the trumpet and drum fanfares of Nelson's victory.

But though the Kyrie is certainly the cry of a Europe in straits, cheerfulness broke in before the Benedictus, in the delicious ingenuous tune of the D major Gloria, in the reckless verve of the Et Resurrexit, and above all in the soaring roulades of the soprano soloist. But the work is often more solemn: the Creed is affirmed in a strict canon, the Sanctus is rapt and devotional. Josef Krips, the Boyd Neel Orchestra, and the B.B.C. Midland Chorus (about thirty voices) performed the work, with Margaret Ritchie tracing most beautifully the elaborate soprano lines; only Norman Walker marred the solo quartet, which was completed by Kathleen Ferrier and Peter Pears. The choir sang this with good robust tone. In Bach's Cantata No. 102, *Herr deine Augen*, they were more artful (a verse of the chorale was even sung unaccompanied), and as a result the firmness went out of the music.

The Nelson Mass was sung in the Chapel of St. Nicholas, a light, late fourteenth-century building. The other great church, St. Margaret's, houses the superb Snetzler organ which Burney had built to replace the execrable instrument he found there. Here Arnold Richardson played, among other things, a spirited fugue by young Krebs, Bach's troublesome prefect. Across the Saturday Market, in the Trinity Guildhall, King John's Cup, the finest medieval cup in England, is on display, surrounded by olde charters. Down the road is a Burney exhibition, and a little farther the Guildhall of St. George. In 1442 this was already being used for dramatic presentations; tradition has it that Shakespeare played here; in 1766 the Corporation built into the hall a Georgian theatre, and to-day it has been lovingly

A S S E M B L Y

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restored as one of the pleasantest little theatres in England. I missed the plays, *Dr. Faustus, The Two Gentlemen,* and *She Stoops to Conquer,* but heard Kathleen Ferrier give a song recital here; and marvelled at her group of folk-songs. For in these were all the temperament, and the fusion of words, tone and phrasing which are still sometimes missing in her lieder. When Miss Ferrier sings *Lachen und Weinen* as well as she sang *Ca the Yowes* (with a wonderful controlled crescendo at the end of the second line), then what a superb lieder singer she will be.

In the Tuesday Market, opposite the stagiest, flattest hotel facade you ever saw, rises the quaint pretentious baroque front of the Corn Exchange. Inside, it is like a glass-roofed drill hall, and makes a fine Piper setting for concerts. Under Enesco, the Boyd Neel Orchestra played Bach's Suite in D, and the Schubert Fifth Symphony, works ideally suited to such a festival. And hearing that Schubert symphony, deliciously realised by forces like those it was conceived for, soon had me planning programmes for a Schubert Festival at King's Lynn: songs—one of the cycles, and many lesser-known ones—and perhaps an opera in the Guildhall of St. George; chamber music in the elegant eighteenth-century assembly room; Masses in the churches; and in the Corn Exchange orchestral concerts, and those unaccompanied choruses we never hear. Why not? for after the Third Programme, we are all series-minded to-day. A Handel Festival, and, yes, a Haydn Festival. For the Nelson Mass could well become an annual event; and how pleasant to come to King's Lynn next year to hear for the first time the newly discovered marionette opera. Unless the Corporation manages to throw up a composer-genius of the place, there need be no rivalry with Aldeburgh. The setting is ideal (but please, no more draggle-tail bunting); a central theme could make it an event of the year. For though festivals spring up two a penny, this is one that deserves perpetuation. I haven't mentioned its other pleasures. At King's Lynn, where roundabouts first were made, there was a fair far jollier than Battersea provides; and to mark both Haydn's admiration for the British Navy, and the links with Nelson, Narborough and Shovell, the fleet, represented by H.M.S. *Truelove,* was in port.

ANDREW PORTER

THE MOVIES

"Alice in Wonderland" and "Beaver Valley," at the Leicester Square

It depends, I suppose, whether you like *Alice in Wonderland.* If you do, then Mr. Walt Disney's impertinence isn't likely to appeal to you. His idea is all chocolate-box and music-hall; and anything more remote from the original—indeed idiotically at odds with it—it would be very hard to imagine. From the choicest fruit has issued the most nondescript jam.

He started, of course, under a disadvantage. (But why start at all?) Not only is *Alice in Wonderland*—Carroll's *Alice*—one of the best-known classics in the world, so that a misquotation from it will draw a thousand angry postcards, but the style and features of the characters have been fixed once for all, unalterable as the text. Carroll's Alice is as much Tenniel's as Carroll's; in looks at any rate, rather more so. And the White Knight, and the Duchess, and the Dodo and the rest of them: we know them too well by sight to put up even with minor tamperings. That much-conned text has matured round the illustrations as surely as they grew to supplement it. Among classics *Alice in Wonderland* is the exact opposite of *Hamlet,* since no new interpretation is either necessary or feasible. And here come Mr. Disney and his school, with talents on the level of the strip-cartoon. No uncertainty or modesty has troubled *them;* text, illustrations, cohesion, the logic of fantasy, have been swept away like so many cobwebs before the routine brush of an All-Cartoon Musical Wonderfilm. "When the bread-and-butterflies kiss the toolips . . . ."—if that, crooned to the creamiest lullaby, catches the movie-goer's fancy, then he may be safely left to enjoy the other numbers, especially "A Very Merry Unbirthday to You," at the most madly boring Mad Hatter's Tea-party ever inflicted on an audience. Rather typically the 10s. 6d. on the hat has been kept and all the rest, including the fun, let go. This Disney film—almost his worst, by the way, on any grounds—has rolled *Wonderland* and *Looking-Glass* into one, reduced adventure to a feeble series of "turns," and repeated every cliché in the Disney repertoire. Alice herself is a little piece of blonde pasteboard; Tweedledum and Tweedledee give step dances with linked arms, and sing ditties from Lancashire; a half-hearted attempt is made to do justice to a memorable stroll of Walrus and Carpenter along the sea-shore. Failing to conform, Disney crassly vulgarises his original: only once does he show a real flicker of invention, and that is in the oriental Caterpillar, whose smoke-rings and multiple hands are generously enriched by the Lavender Hill accents of Mr. Richard Haydn. Otherwise, this million-pound ineptitude deserves nothing but boos, and I wish cinema audiences were in the habit of according them.

Beaver Valley, on the other hand, is an enjoyable exploration of wild life on the Canadian border, only in part spoiled by a facetious commentary and a failure to come to grips with the subject. We should like to see a good deal more of the beavers and their habits. These glimpses are tantalising, and they have to be supplemented with pictures of salmon climbing a fall (a terrifying spectacle, this), otters sliding down snow slopes, a coyote on the prowl, the frog antiphony at night (slickly melodramatised), and wild geese skeins. A bouncy Disneyish product, not comparable with the earlier *Seal Island.*

The death of Robert Flaherty (1889-1951) removes an indisputable master of cinema and a most engaging personality: I have even met people who preferred the radio talks he gave last year in England to *Louisiana Story.* That masterpiece, which I hope to encounter many more times, seemed to me the perfect climax of his genius: all the simple poetry and subtle workmanship of a man who had succeeded in remaining a craftsman in an alien world were there brought together. Flaherty loved the people and the scenes he filmed. In poetry, music or painting (if his talents had lain otherwise) he would no doubt have pursued a less interrupted and more fruitful self-development. That is hardly possible for a film-maker, or at any rate for one with Flaherty's temperament. His best work was early and late. Among the first travels, a favourite of mine was for many years *Moana,* a study of Polynesian life and courtship, and I hope that the British Film Institute, which announces two memorial programmes for September, will be able to bring to young film-lovers this beautiful, half-forgotten idyll.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

TELEVISION NOTES

AMONG the people interested in television drama production Fred O'Donovan, who produced *The Doctor's Dilemma* last week, is noted for using only a single camera for each continuous score. The conventional technique, of course, is to use a number of cameras to cover a scene, and to plan the movements of the actors in such a way as to allow them to appear either singly or in groups before one or other of the cameras in turn. This requires a highly complicated pattern of production, and means that the actors must rehearse moving to certain fixed points of the studio floor at certain fixed moments in the action, so that they may, for example, be seen grouped in medium shot before camera one, and yet also be suitably placed so that one of them may be picked up a moment later in close-shot by camera two, which is standing alongside just out of the range of camera one. And so on, for close on two hours! Each individual camera-operator is linked by headphones to the producer in his control room above the studio and can receive his verbal instructions to move close into or away from the action, and he is, of course, told when the image seen by his particular camera is actually being transmitted to the audience.

Fred O'Donovan, however, prefers to work with one camera only. His technique is rather similar to that which was used by Alfred Hitchcock in the film version of *Rope,* the famous ten-minute "take." The danger is a certain visual monotony, which is far more marked in the film than it is in television. *The Doctor's Dilemma,* with its long, amusing interchanges of comic "technicalia" between the doctors, emphasized this, forcing the camera to hold groups of three or four men for fairly long periods with none of those sudden, revealing changes of viewpoint which the use of additional cameras can provide. Since the television camera cannot, for hard practical reasons, move as intricately in and out of the action as Hitchcock's film camera did in *Rope,* one was conscious on occasion of actors being brought deliberately to the camera when it should have gone to them. On reflection, I think the one-camera technique suits best a play where the pace is slow or the tension very deliberately built up (a play by O'Neill, perhaps), or where an insistent use of close-up is dramatically desirable, but that it suits less well a play like this by Shaw, with its stylish dialogue and type characters, where few moments can stand the intensity of being heard and watched in close-up. How well, by the way, Eugene Leahy survived these big close-ups, giving a genuine impression of real-life character, and how well David Markham stood up to the almost impossible part of Louis Dubedat, in which the mountebank and the genius never seem to me to be satisfactorily unified in one personality.

Among other interesting productions this past month were *Reuter Reports* and *The Suffragette.* I thought the first of these programmes, written by Martin Chisholm and produced by Stephen McCormack, was too casual in its presentation to rank as suitable to celebrate the centenary of Reuter's news agency. This is always the danger when a programme depends mainly for its effect on "spot" broadcasting. Richard Dimbleby was, as usual, in full though charming control of the situation, and in excellent form when he persuaded stories out of members of a group of Reuter's leading foreign correspondents who were visiting headquarters in London. Although *Reuter Reports* was both informal and pleasant, this centenary could have been made an occasion for a programme on the highly organised collection and distribution of the world's news, with results which greatly distinguish our contemporary life from that of past centuries.

The Suffragette, written and produced by Norman Swallow, was, I think, excellent. The Suffragette movement can be seen now in proper historical perspective. The not insignificant consideration from the human point of view (which is so important in documentary drama) that the women's clothes of those days are ceasing to seem dowdy or merely funny, and are indeed beginning to become accepted as "period," helps the public to realise that these women were not only courageous fighters for civil rights against the prejudice of both sexes, but that they were also, many of them, very feminine people. They were not just long-skirted and masculinised reformers. The tragedy and suffering endured by members of the Suffragette movement can for this simple reason be more sympathetically and easily presented now in dramatic form. This production was a most moving experience, and so well presented that it even absorbed films of the period into the general movement of the action without technical embarrassment. The large team of actresses led by Belle Chrystall gave performances of great sincerity, even in the difficult business of making "public" speeches in close-up in the television studio. The scenes of forcible feeding in the prison cell were handled with just the right degree of realism to induce revolt and horror within the bounds of proper artistic control. I would like to congratulate all concerned with this production; it was a great pity it was not repeated instead of some of the indifferent comic stuff which the B.B.C. is, I hope, going to improve on in the coming season.

ROGER MANVELL

FESTIVAL NOTES

Music at Hovingham

The indoor Riding School adjoining Hovingham Hall, some fifteen miles north of York, was built in the 1750's by an amateur and has a truly Palladian dignity and airiness. It made a delightful setting for a Festival which was a revival of a series held there around the turn of the century. The opening concert brought to light an extremely gifted young clarinettist, Georgina Dobree, whose peformance of the Mozart quintet showed not only a warm, round tone and a fine *legato*, but an already well-developed sense of style. The Griller's Schubert A minor, Opus 29, was distinguished by a suitably feathery third movement; their Beethoven F minor was rough and ill-co-ordinated, the first violin shrill and brittle. Saturday evening's concert was choral and orchestral. Massed choirs from eight villages sang Vaughan Williams's *Folk Songs of the Four Seasons* with a sweetness and gusto sufficient to seduce even those who find the work itself repellent. Fricker's Concertante for three pianos, strings and timpani, composed for the Festival and conducted by the composer, is a festive work, gaily and exuberantly violent, on about the level of Bartok's Divertimento for Strings; and, like the Divertimento, it achieves its effect—it aims frankly at effect, rather than at expression—with an ease, an absence of flashiness, a sense of powers held in reserve, which only the really serious and imaginative artist can encompass when he lets his hair down. The best of the chamber works by contemporary Yorkshire composers on Sunday was Arnold Cooke's *Alla marcia*, for clarinet and piano.

Among the other events of the Festival were a performance of Orazio Vecchi's puppet-opera *L'Amfiparnaso* and a demonstration of the McClure organ, which uses a scale of nineteen tones, played on a normal 12-note keyboard augmented by seven "key-switches" and would serve ideally as a continuo instrument for music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This was an enjoyable Festival, which avoided the absurdity of the local festival that is merely a playground for London highbrows subsidised by the Chamber of Commerce. It blended national with local talent and generally mixed them well. If the success of an enterprise is a guarantee of its continuation, the 1951 Festival will be the first of a new series.

A. D. B. S.

Music and Drama at Liverpool

The uglier of the two Lancashire sisters, transformed by bunting and floodlighting into a plausible Cinderella, has taken the external spectacles of its Festival to heart with typical Northern determination. Artistic events, varied and concentrated enough to cause æsthetic indigestion, opened with a vivid though imperfect performance of the *Spring Symphony* by the Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra under Sargent: Liverpool schoolboys added high-spirits and enjoyment to the occasion. At the Playhouse, the Repertory Company presents Pirandello's *Henry IV* excellently, with no concessions to the exigencies of repertory: Covent Garden Opera occupies the Empire, while Alec Clunes' attractive, soft-pedalled *Henry V* is at the Royal Court. At the Chamber Concerts in the Walker Gallery we are to have Walton conducting the original *Façade*, with Miss Sitwell speaking, and the first performances of works by Arthur Oldham and Douglas Miller. Leighton's *Primavera Romana*, substituted by Stokovsky for more extensive American works, and Thomas Pitfield's *Fantasia for Violin and Orchestra* are to receive first hearings. Pitfield, whose music deserves to be heard outside his native Lancashire, is also represented by his fine Piano Concerto. The Royal and London Philharmonics and the Hallé are involved; Barbirolli is specialising in Elgar; Beecham, with Bantock's *Fifine at the Fair*, is a bulwark against the March of Time. Hugo Rignold and the Liverpool Orchestra are concentrating on English Contemporaries, with Frankel's Violin Concerto and works by Berkeley and Rawsthorne. This team was responsible for the first performance of the largest novelty—Fricker's Second Symphony—on July 26. This work makes no concessions to the Festival spirit, being grey and ungenial, with something immature in its unrelenting earnestness. Nevertheless, though we still look to Fricker's promise rather than his present achievement, the work marks another step forward in persuasive argument and integrity of design.

H. B. R.

Sickert at Roland, Browse and Delbanco, and at Islington Public Library

Tone is the amount of light which the surface of an object happens to absorb or reflect. Sickert was a tonal painter, and his consequent preoccupation with this sensuous and constantly changing aspect of reality contributes as much to the feeling of intimacy in his pictures as does their subject matter—even though the importance of their human interest should not be under-estimated. The strength of his pictures is their construction. He once said that drawing was simply a matter of deciding along which of the possible 360 degrees each line should move, and indeed in his best work every line or mark of paint, however swiftly and intuitively applied, does have this double meaning; it is simultaneously descriptive, in terms of the scene, and architectural in terms of the structure of the composition. This excellent show in Cork Street (mostly of works painted between 1900 and 1910) contains several masterpieces in which all these qualities are evident. Notice how people, walking naturally in a Dieppe street, are placed so as to continue the prominent vertical of a building, how in No. 2 two light figures against a dark wall repeat almost exactly the two light shapes that the belfry cuts out of the sky; look at the nude, dark against the window in a Mornington Crescent bedroom, or at the magnificent portrait (1935) of Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, and see how their momentary gestures, intimate or public, are held within a firm equilibrium which yet re-creates their spontaneity; notice in the portrait of Zangwill how the rhythm of the paint connects, like a simile, the unexpected: the planes of a man's face with the casements of a street. The Islington exhibition has no important works, but is of documentary interest.

J. B.

Correspondence

THE ULTIMATE CONSERVATIVE

Sir,—I do not think Professor Oakeshott should belittle the differences between himself and those who look for a rational guide to conduct. He believes, and said in his inaugural lecture, what Mr. Crossman's exact and spirited analysis reported: that the study of tradition is a better path to political wisdom than is a search for principles. I do not share his belief, but I would not challenge it now if Professor Oakeshott in his lecture had not repeatedly called the natural sciences to support him. Apparently he also believes that tradition is a wiser arbiter in science than is personal research. I should have thought this the oddest illusion in the world, but now Professor Oakeshott out-tops it by suggesting that it encourages his students "to learn how to think for themselves."

J. Bronowski

Cheltenham.

Sir,—One point was not sufficiently emphasised in Mr. Crossman's devastating review of Professor Oakeshott's inaugural lecture at the London School of Economics. Can it be a good thing for a Professor to approach his subject with an air of graceful cynicism? I cannot imagine that Professor Oakeshott's treatment of his subject could ever produce that excitement amongst students which was the immense service rendered by Professors Graham Wallas and Laski to my generation of students.

I was not surprised that Professor Oakeshott did not attempt any serious reply to Mr. Crossman. I do hope, however, that he will tell us why he ended his lecture by using the epigram of a great scholar as if he were its author.

Student of Politics.

Sir,—Mr. Crossman's attack on L.S.E.'s new Professor of Political Science rests on a grotesque misinterpretation of what Oakeshott said. His comments reveal that he has merely foisted on Oakeshott his

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own limited conception of politics, which it was the very purpose of the lecture to refute. The lecture naturally becomes nonsensical under this treatment, and the matter would be of no further interest but for the ironical consequence that the fallacies exposed (being the consequences of Crossman's own assumptions imputed by him to Oakeshott) are in fact the fallacies in Crossman's own position.

The subject of the lecture was political *education*—how we may best study politics, to educate ourselves and (if we are teachers) others into the best understanding of politics of which we are capable. Understanding is the immediate aim, not action. Crossman thinks of politics primarily as struggle—he alludes to his own ideals repeatedly in terms of conflict: "causes *unwon*," "*fighting* for theories," "inspiring the American revolutionaries to do *battle*"—and his only use for political education is to provide the indoctrination required for it, e.g., "the message of Western democracy." Because Oakeshott sees more than this to understand in politics, Crossman imagines that he has not seen this. "What he fails to notice is that the mystique he preaches has provided an ideology for all the forces opposed to the advancement of human liberty." There is no reason to suppose that Oakeshott has not noticed what Crossman is alluding to, though he is talking about something else here. What Crossman does not seem to have noticed is that by taking Oakeshott to be preaching a mystique, he is taking for granted that the *only* thing there is for political education to do is to provide an ideology, which is a bad one if it is a reactionary one and a good one if it is a liberal one. As the refutation of precisely this assumption was part of the main purport of the lecture, Crossman's interpretation is merely the trivialisation that ordinarily results from substitution of assumptions.

It is plain to see that alleged fallacies belong to his own conception of politics, not to Oakeshott's. "All traditions are equally *real* and there is no standard of judgment." But Oakeshott talks of incoherences in inherited traditions, and well-judged political activity as the removing of them. This is the "standard" (deceptive word) of judgment, which has the tentative and experimental character of all true intellectual inquiry, always cautious of its own principles and continually testing them by the coherence of their results. The only kind of judging that Crossman knows is *asserting* principles: "In order to condemn another tradition I must assert a political principle by which to judge it." It is his ideologies that are without common standard of judgment. They only assert themselves and confront each other, they do not converse.

Similarly for the fallacy of the multiplicity of traditions. There is certainly, as an evident matter of fact, multiplicity of ideologies within a society (the term "interests" is more usual in internal politics); and it is equally common experience that the political tradition that we study historically is a complex (we often say "organic") interplay of factors deriving from different parts of society, which do not make sense separately.

Crossman is by temperament a fighter and changer, Oakeshott an enjoyer. The fighter's aim is not understanding of politics but successful action, and as too much understanding will corrode his will to fight, he justifiably ossifies education into provision of an ideology. The enjoyer who has time for the slow-moving business of understanding is not necessarily a reactionary; he might be more to be trusted as looking for incoherencies in the real situation in which he finds himself, instead of for approximation to an abstraction. But the necessary imperfection of his understanding and the fact that he does not usually have the temperament of the reformer, probably outweigh this advantage. He is likely always to undervalue the importance of what the world owes to the imperfectly intelligible ideals of the fighters (even to Mill's "insiduous misunderstanding") who were successful for reasons which they did not understand. There is room for both in the world.

Chinley, Derbyshire. PETER G. LUCAS

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PROFITS AND DIVIDENDS

SIR,—Mr. Gaitskell has seen fit to limit dividends, but surely the emphasis should be on profits and not on dividends. The increases of dividends, although numerous, have been, except by a few companies, quite modest, but the increases in profits, coming on the top of the great increases since 1939, have been staggering. In a recent period of six weeks, the reports of 554 companies, whose trading results happened to be announced in that period, showed that their profits had increased from £323,000,000 in 1949 to £434,000,000 in 1950; that is in one year a mere 554 companies increased their profits by £110,000,000, and there are hundreds of thousands of public and private companies, firms and businesses in the country.

Moreover, the amount distributed in dividend by any prudent company is normally only 25 per cent. or 30 per cent. of profits. So a limitation of dividends alone leaves businesses free to retain all the great profits (less tax) which they are making out of this most exceptional post-war and rearmament inflationary period, that is profits to which the public, through the high prices demanded in the shops, is a compulsory and involuntary contributor.

If the limitation had been on profits it would have had a wider scope, for it would have affected the large number of profit-making undertakings, firms and businesses which are not actual companies and so might have been more effective in maintaining the stability of the pound.

Business profits have indeed had faithful allies in Labour Chancellors, who seem to have accepted the modern and very convenient economic doctrine that a high level of business profits by taking (as taxation does) purchasing power out of the pockets of the consumer is deflationary. B. W. DALE

VILLAGE SCHOOLS

SIR,—In his article on the future of village schools, Mr. R. A. Butler suggests that the Minister should withhold his consent to any proposal for closure which is hasty or unreasonable. In the case of Little Easton C. of E. School, near Dunmow, Essex, the proposals are certainly unreasonable and the Managers have asked the Minister for a Public Inquiry. The school has 17 pupils with 32 prospective pupils, satisfactory buildings, a children's playing field nearby, an outstanding and popular teacher and a first-class scholarship record. The teacher will retire at once if her school is closed, but is prepared to carry on in her own village for another five years. If the school is closed a teacher will be lost to the profession and another one will have to be recruited in an area where the shortage is most acute.

The school to which the children are to be "charioted" is denoted in the Essex County Council Development as substandard, and £9,500 is to be spent on improvements. This expenditure, however, affords little comfort to the parents of Little Easton children, as these improvements are not to take place for at least eleven years, that is, until 1961-65, by which time all children now living in the village will have left the school.

Not only do we think that the proposal is a mistake, but the Managers and parents have met with the most high-handed treatment from the Divisional Executive Officer. We have proved some of his figures to be hopelessly inaccurate; we believe that other figures that he has quoted with regard to the cost of our school to be even further from the truth. Yet every attempt to elicit the basis on which these statistics have been assessed has been met with evasions or delay.

As you point out in your Editorial Notes, there are small rural schools where the costs are high and the educational standards low, but Little Easton School is not one of these. We are not prepared to surrender to a bureaucrat's refusal to recognise an exception to his rule.

The Rectory, E. JOHN G. BARNETT
Little Easton, Essex. PAUL DIXEY

FAIR SHARES IN ELECTRICITY

SIR,—Thank you for publishing Mr. Power's sensible suggestions on a subject that is apt to generate more emotional than physical heat. I should be glad to see their adoption.

Meanwhile here is a variant that might prove easier to adopt. (a) Make the application of the domestic tariff conditional on a "power cut" switch being fitted to the *power meter* of each house.

This switch could either be operated by impulse from the power station (as suggested by Mr. Power) or, perhaps, automatically by voltage drop.

(b) The lighting circuit would not be cut off, and this could be used for lights, vacuum cleaners, and other light loads up to the limit of the (sealed) fuse of that house's circuit.

Well-planned capital expenditure on carbonisation plant would make the price of gas (which can be stored ready for peak loads) more competitive with that of electricity. It would also increase the supply of smokeless fuels and other by-products (perhaps even nylons!). And here is a final question: Why must church lighting, always an off-peak load, be charged at the extortionate lighting rate?

Woodgate, Leicester. GEORGE JAGER

SIR,—Mr. Douglas Power's interesting articles on Fair Shares in Electricity omit to deal with the problem of the *growing* peak load domestic consumption, possibly the worst headache of the Electricity Authority. I respectfully submit that attention be directed to halting this increase, before embarking on the expenditure of many millions of pounds on purely restrictive and distasteful measures.

The growth of the domestic peak load is due mainly to two causes. First, to an increase in the number of consumers brought about by the building programme and the extension of electrical services to dwellings not previously served and, secondly, to the scarcity and soaring prices of alternative and nationally more desirable fuels. May I suggest the consideration of the following three-point programme, aimed at a reduction in the rate of increase of peak load domestic electricity consumption.

1. A clear-cut policy statement by the Ministry of Fuel and Power, directing that no electrical apparatus may be connected, unless a satisfactory supply of an alternative approved fuel is not available. This would discriminate, amongst others, against the use of electricity for cooking where town gas is "on tap."

2. Control over the sale of electric heating appliances. This may involve the sale of such equipment against a certificate of authorisation issued by the

Electricity Authority, and granted in exceptional cases only.

3. Utilisation of all available technical facilities for spreading the peak load over the off-peak period. The system of thermal storage in which water is heated during the off-peak period under the control of a simple time switch, offers an economical means, in many cases, for the utilisation of electricity for space and water heating. D. KUT

7 Sheila House, North Circular Road, N.W.11.

THE PASSPORT

SIR,—Dr. Burhop can, at least I suppose, travel to all parts of the world included in the British Empire. And that is a bit of space. With a Nigerian passport you are categorically told that British West Africa, North Africa and the United Kingdom are the only places you can possibly go to. Any modifications to the above can only be effected by the passport office of Great Britain, to which I personally owe a great debt of gratitude. Nigeria is, I presume, the most difficult place in the British Empire to get out of if you happen to be a Nigerian. I still have to meet a single Nigerian travelling privately abroad who does not have to be sponsored by somebody with £500 in the bank, does not have to meander through the most inglorious channels—and that is a euphemism—and does not have to spend weeks (if not months) trotting up and down the Passport-Way.

Some day we shall have a responsible government, and the first thing I should like to see done is the issue of passports—if the other parts of the world still think much of this most outrageous piece of document—absolutely free to all citizens, and marked as do the progressive Swedes, to "all countries."

NIGERIAN

SIR,—While applauding the general argument of your article on "Island Arrest," I fear the documents do not support your reference to "the right of the free man, *specifically guaranteed in Magna Carta,* to travel abroad." It is true that clause 42 "*liceat unicuique de cetero exire de regno nostro et redire,* etc.," is part of King John's Charter of 1215; but it was dropped from the first reissue at the beginning of his son's reign, and is not to be found in the third reissue of 1225, which is the form in which Magna Carta became part of the permanent law.

Nevertheless, I think the concession thus made and so quickly withdrawn has become re-established by long prescription. In the later Middle Ages the royal licence was generally required to leave the realm; and the prerogative power to restrain exit was explicitly reaffirmed, though with exceptions, in the statute 5 Ric II, s. 1, c. 2 (repealed, 1607). But by Coke's time the licence procedure had become obsolete, and it was held that the prerogative could only be exercised by a positive act, the issue of the writ *ne exeat regno.* This was a writ of which the courts of common law disapproved, and its use soon became limited to the special purposes of the courts of equity, who relied upon it solely to prevent parties to suits before them from leaving the country before judgment was given. Whether the proper sphere of this writ has been extended or contracted by the amalgamation of the equitable and common-law jurisdictions in 1873 I should not care to say.

The present practice of the Foreign Office, which you criticise, evidently tends to equate the modern passport with the medieval *licentia exeundi.* Even Coke, who was contending for a high view of the prerogative to prevent the exit of subjects from the realm, admitted more than three centuries ago that the Crown could no longer exercise it in this form.

See McKechnie's commentary on *Magna Carta,* pp. 407-11, and authorities there cited.

DERMOT MORRAH

Oxford and Cambridge Club.

MRS. AMBATIELOS

SIR,—Your readers will be shocked to hear that Mrs. Asimina Ambatielos has been arrested by the Greek Police and is now a prisoner in the infamous Averoff Women's Prison, Athens.

Mrs. Ambatielos is seventy-three years of age and has never done wrong in her life. But she is the mother of two political prisoners and when, during the past few weeks she has repeatedly been asked by the police to denounce them as criminals she has refused. This is her crime—that she loves her sons.

May I appeal to your readers to express their condemnation of such cruel and inhuman treatment, and to assist efforts being made to obtain the release of this aged and innocent woman?

BETTY AMBATIELOS

12 Michelham Gardens, Twickenham.

WHO SAID IT?

SIR,—In the architectural profession we are quite well accustomed to having the best productions of our ingenuity taken for granted, but it is sad to find Critic regretting that Baldwin, not Churchill, is to have the credit for what is really only half of one of the best of our internecine exchanges, rather than the true author, Mr. Hope Bagenal, during the last decade or so perhaps the leading architectural acoustician, and one of the men we have to thank for the excellence of the Royal Festival Hall.

The story was first (I believe) told in print by Miss Enid Caldecott and Mr. Eric Jarrett (in *The Architect and Building News,* December 12, 1947, page 236), when writing of the centenary of the Architectural Association:

"... The number of Hope's good remarks is legion: one was provoked by a letter in a Sunday paper from Alfred" (not *Arthur*) "Bossom, M.P., on a subject connected with acoustics, in which he referred to Hope as 'this young lady.' 'Who is this man,' asked Hope, 'whose name is neither one thing nor the other?'."

VIVIAN LEVETT

12 Park Hill Road, Croydon.

THE SAAR

SIR,—Wherever else Mr. Jonathan Blow has returned from, I doubt if he has recently returned from the Saar. Had he done so, he would scarcely have repeated the slanderous description of the Saarland's political leaders by some anonymous "high French official" as "marionettes." I have met, I think, most of these alleged puppets. They are all good Germans who either fought against Hitler, and suffered for their convictions; or fought for him and recognise the misery which his brand of nationalism brought Germany and the world. They don't want the Saar to be an electioneering plank either in Dr. Adenauer's or in Dr. Schumacher's programme or in the crypto-Nazi programme of the banned "Democratic" Party.

For them, the status of the Saar is provisional. But it is not provisional, pending its reincorporation in a new Reich; it is provisional, pending the creation of a new Europe. They face the old dilemma bravely —a German Europe or a European Germany. They stand for a European Germany with the German Saarland a bridge with a European France.

Is that not in the interest of Britain as well as of France and Germany? MAURICE EDELMAN

House of Commons.

SEASONED WOOD

SIR,—In the article "Cloth to Cue" in your issue of June 30, reference is made to drying of timber. and the uninformed might be lead to believe that kiln-dried wood is not giving satisfaction to the wood user.

For many years the successful treatment of timber artificially dried through kilns, controlled by experienced operators, has given complete satisfaction to high-grade woodworkers. Mahogany and oak and other high-grade woods are now being so processed, and used successfully in ship-building and many important public works. The only solution to meeting the modern vogue of central heating is to condition the wood to much lower moisture contents than are obtainable in air-drying, and recent evidence of success is shown by the preference given to timber dried in this way for the reconstruction of the House of Commons.

"Naturally" dried timber, lying over long periods, is vulnerable to the uncertainties of climatic conditions, and is also prone to termite and fungus attack. When the timber is kiln dried, however, the whole of the application is under scientific control, which produces much more reliable and quicker results, to the ultimate benefit of the woodworker. I would recommend that your friends communicate with some member of our Association, who would be glad to inform them of the most modern methods of drying.

Kiln Owners' Association, JOHN ASHWORTH

14 New Bridge Street, E.C.4.

THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC

SIR,—After reading C. H. Rolph on "The Orchestra Speaks" in your July 14 number, I hasten to write offering to guarantee £1 per annum on behalf of my wife and myself to release the L.P.O., many of whose members are known to us personally, from the degrading control of a body unable to distinguish between Musick and Muck.

Would not the best plan be to form a Society of Friends of the L.P.O. whose object would be to see that the means were regularly forthcoming to enable the Orchestra and the Choir to continue the fine work they have done for British Music?

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Books in General

THE writing of Auden has been a major provocation and light in English poetry during the last twenty-five years. He is now said to have lost his intellectual following since his move to austere Christianity, but no other poet seems so substantial or so continuously electrifies. A technician—almost the Technician in prototype—he is ingeniously and painfully wired into the times we live in. This may not be a clinching merit and the fitful reader of poetry will probably admit, after he has admired the unequalled variety and the felicity of the poet, that he has often been annoyed and repelled. I do not refer only to the mannerism and the predictable accent. The interrogator's glare, the clinical lamp, the surgical hands are expert in the guilt and pain of our time and no poet has conveyed as he does the loneliness of urban people; he is the poet who catches us on the eve of a major operation but, as a moralist or an artist, he is kept, by some too versatile mistrust, from feeling the fulfilment of life or its tragedy. Agony, yes; despair, yes; the hard-faced shames of an iron age:

> Intellectual disgrace
> Stares from every human face,
> And the seas of pity lie
> Locked and frozen in each eye.

but nothing in the ubiquitous commentator suggests that he knows and—more important feels—what the ineluctable is. Even in Christian conversion, as Mr. Hoggart,* a new critic says, he seems to be teaching himself an experience that has not yet really arrived, to be "hammering at the tenets." He is outside, privileged like the war correspondent, above—in a favourite early metaphor—like the airman. There is a point at which he becomes sterile—as Eliot does, too, in a different way—seeing the end of an act before its beginning, the irony before the impulse, presenting to us the merely typical population of a land of foregone conclusions. (Hence the famous call to new countries, islands, architecture.) We are zipped up by the attack of this moralist but, when that elation dies down, we are bound to protest that life is lived in despite of our dossier, our clinical type, our neurosis or degree of sin. Nor are we as silly as the films we queue for, or as vapid as the bars we sit in. Even on that brilliantly hit-off disastrous holiday with

> The boarding-house food, the boarding-house faces
> The rain-spoilt picnics in the windswept places
> The camera lost and the suspicion,
> The failure in the putting competition
> The silly performance on the pier

we were actually thinking about something else. The kind of exclusiveness and knowingness which Auden has conveyed when he was glib has generally been witty, but it is a wit that wears thin. Auden himself has, of course, acknowledged this.

I have put the negative side first. On the positive side Auden has nearly everything: vitality, seriousness, gaiety, an original mind, bold curiosity. He is very susceptible to ideas, has a capacity to rock climb over the faces of abstract thought, a wonderful gift for image and for all kinds of familiar speech and he is mercurial among poetic forms. Above all he is continually a poet on many levels and slips with the skill of a lizard from one to another. The passages of despair in a late work like *Christmas Oratorio* are as singeing as some of the early love poems are involuted and grave. There is the pleasure of great virtuosity and dry laughter. And of friendliness, too. But it is important not to generalise about a poet so marked and so changeable. I recommend to the non-specialist reader, who is "concerned with the quality of our life to-day," Mr. Hoggart's new introductory essay. He takes the poet stage by stage. It is a clear, thoughtful, orderly exposition of the technique and progress of Auden's work; its appreciation is serious and its criticisms are severe but precise.

Auden has always been a practical moralist, an heir (Mr. Hoggart says) of the Protestant optimists. The fiercer the sermon the greater the hope; and, as Mr. Hoggart adds, this has led Auden to excel in irony rather than in satire with its destructive savageries. (Perhaps satire has been well-handled by contemporary Catholics because they do not seem to value highly the practical intent and its perpetual worry.) Auden was distinct from the political revolutionaries of the Thirties in one respect; he believed that society was psychologically sick and when the political crash came he was not, like some others, deprived of his material. The pilgrimage in the direction of religion was forecast. The poet was cut off from his audience by lack of a common language and myth, and if he cannot be said to have found a myth which really makes the circuit, the by-products of his search have been rich. There is the ability to flash contemporary life upon abstractions (Mr. Hoggart quotes, for example, from *The Age of Anxiety*)

> Why leave out the worst
> Pangs of youth . . .
> . . . To be young means
> To be all on edge, to be kept waiting in
> A packed lounge or a Personal Call
> From Long Distance, for the low voice that
> Defines one's future.

The manner—sometimes a trick, but an original one—is an aspect of the revival of allegory. Mr. Hoggart takes another, more elaborate passage from *The Sea and the Mirror*—one of the new valuations Auden made, in America, of the nature and place of the creative imagination. Prospero is addressing the imaginative artist. Here Auden is at his best as a teacher by insinuation, and without the crabbing and tangled frown, the note of personal excess which comes into the expressionist speeches of *The Age of Anxiety*:

> . . . For all things
> In your company can be themselves: historic deeds
> Drop their hauteur and speak of shabby childhoods
> When all they longed for was to join in the gang of doubts
> Who so tormented them; sullen diseases
> Forget their dreadful appearance and make silly jokes
> Thick-headed goodness for once is not a bore
> No one but you had sufficient audacity and eyesight
> To find those clearings where the shy humiliations
> Gambol on sunny afternoons, the water hole to which
> The scarred rogue sorrow comes quietly in the small hours:
> And no one but you is reliably informative on hell.

What is the significance of the new country, the island and finally the Love of his religious phase to which the metaphysician has always taken an elaborate and ambiguous course? It is not safe to assume it is Utopia, an æsthetic Good Place, an escape, or some private place where the soul can be cultivated for, as Mr. Hoggart says, Auden's sense of social necessity and responsibility have survived from his Marxist days. Auden has the belief in practical, personal effort. In the nostalgia, it seems to me, there is another element. The airman, the leader, the exceptional man who is unsure of his audience and is on the defensive before ordinary men has the desire for their kind of anonymity plus the privilege of knowing it. Mr. Hoggart quotes:

> The attractiveness of America to a writer is its openness and lack of tradition. In a way it is frightening. You are forced to live here as everyone else will be forced to live. There is no past. There is no tradition. No roots —that is, in the European sense. But what is happening here is happening everywhere. The general effect of the trends of machinery has been to de-root people. With history moving so fast, people are so afraid. People feel, What is the permanent thing?

But this would pass as a description of life in England minus the despised capacity for satisfaction. Why America? Auden seems to have chosen a restless country which resembles his favourite material. Mr. Hoggart's exposition of Auden's religious course in the American works, with Niebuhr and Kierkegaard replacing Freud and Marx is the most interesting part of his book, for Auden's cerebrations have become intense. The gaiety has gone. The good life is a memory or is treated as an exile's illusion. Loneliness and anonymity have sharpened the inquiry, as if more pain had been the desire. In the land of technics, he hammers away. It is the hard work of contemporary religious writers, their love of detail, that gives them their interest. Imagination fails before the horrors of detail. Imagination fails before the horrors of the contemporary world (they seem to say) because the mind still lives on the easy capital of the Enlightenment; it needs to be trained again in the fine-drawn-out ways of thought that were familiar when introspection about sin, hell and death was a taught and common practice. To reverse Eliot: we have lost the subjective correlative to violent and evil policies. To stand up to the Inquisitors we must have resources as elaborate as theirs. Only by analysis of the hell within are we prepared for the hell without. If Auden has not related these two hells, he has set them side by side.

In America, Auden has thought hard, but his art has often coarsened and has become very unequal. It would be hard not to catch some of the word-deadening hysteria of the environment. When living in an alien society, simple nostalgia drives us to pick up its emotional words without noticing what we are doing and with-

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* *Auden: An Introductory Essay.* By Richard Hoggart. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

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out passing them through the mesh of criticism which the pressure of our own country obliges us to do. A slackness of sensibility, an impoverishment of emotion comes to the immigrant in exchange for the sharpening of his mental faculties.

For those who, like myself, get something from the novelist-poets, Auden has had the virtue of being on the verge of this particular Victorian tradition. Pages of Clough, Hardy and especially of the forced mind of Browning, with his sermons, his vivid dramatised arguments, his thrown-out talk and his pungent imagery and his particularised interest in character and situation. The kind of situation evoked in Auden's "Lay your sleeping head my love," differentiated love, is a possible subject for the novelist; in many images—"the scarred rogue sorrow"—Auden insinuates the basis of a psychological experience. A story lies in it. There are the innumerable figures of the ballads and plays who, even when they are psychologist's blanks, invite the worldly intention and impure complexity of fiction. These impurities enrich Auden's work. Though these characters are there for the reporter's derision; or, in their solemn appearances, are inevitably wheeled off into the poet's limbo for the frustrated and anxious (as if the poetry were in the X-ray photograph and not in the pity) still they settle in our minds. Often they plead against the Byronic hurry of their author. It is Auden's achievement to have collected the material of a truly contemporary world, at any rate out of its senses and nerves, and one as capacious as any novelist is obliged to create. The sourness of some of it is, of course, depressing and seems compulsive: Auden exaggerates the lack of active goodness, the amount of frustration; and, one might add, seems often to despise that part of our lives which is adjusted, as if that were a connivance with the evils that attack us. The fitful reader of poetry might add a surmise: the reaching towards the resources of the novel in dramatic or narrative poetry in Auden affects the ordinary reader as it must have affected the Victorians—when the public for poetry was very large. Here Auden may have laid down a new foundation.

V. S. PRITCHETT

COLD WAR POET

(To the memory of Lord Byron)

The shadow of the limping poet
Crossed my door and looked and stood;
Three times ten and three again
He came and looked at me and stood.
In bitter shame I bowed my silent head:
"Greek Liberty," he seemed to say, "By England bled,
And you sit there without a word!"
Three times ten and three he came,
And then he came no more.
Thirty Three Athenian days were over.

The Diamond Mountains of Korea
Are far from Athens, far from home.
But cold and cold their snows fall near,
Their winter streams run red and glitter
Over the world, and into my room.
The tide of blood is loosed, the blood-dimmed tide,
Act Two, Act Two of the Grecian Play moves on!
Again the limping man stands at my door:
He does not bid me sing your dirge, Korea,
He bids me sing your Diamond Mountain song.

EWART MILNE

WHEN APPEASEMENT PAID

The Hinge of Fate. By WINSTON CHURCHILL. *Cassell. 25s.*

Calculated Risk. By GENERAL MARK CLARK. *Harrap. 22s. 6d.*

In the perspective of post-war history the chief interest of Mr. Churchill's fourth volume is his account of the planning for the Second Front and of East-West relations. Obsessed by their own desperate land struggle, the Russians never grasped the acuteness of the perils which the sea powers had to overcome. All that Stalin cared about was the date of the Second Front, and the maintenance of the Arctic convoys. The suspension of these convoys in July, 1942, may have been another yet more ominous hinge of fate. On page 228, Mr. Churchill describes for the first time the episode which led up to this decision. A series of terrible confusions and mistakes inside the Admiralty resulted in the withdrawal of naval support from a large convoy and its consequent almost total destruction. Since the real reasons had to be concealed, Stalin was able to accuse Britain of cowardice and bad faith; and after this, as General Mark Clark confirms, Mr. Churchill seems to have been on the psychological defensive with Stalin right up to Yalta.

Indeed, already in composing this fourth volume Mr. Churchill has felt the shadow of Yalta looming ahead. He seems anxious to interpose as many chapters as he can between himself and that fatal conference. Each successive aeroplane flight—and there are a great many in *Hinge of Fate*—is described jocosely at greater length; and vast staff memoranda, which should have been relegated to the Appendix, are inserted in the text as if with the express purpose of permitting the author to linger in the period when his leadership was at its best.

The reason is obvious enough. The statesman who turns chronicler, before he retires from active politics, is always seeking to adapt the past to the conveniences of the present. Mr. Churchill must portray himself simultaneously as a staunch ally of "Uncle Joe" and as the prophet who foresaw that Stalin would threaten Europe's liberties. He must answer those American critics, who assert that his heart was not in the Second Front; but he must also suggest that his own Mediterranean strategy, if only it had been accepted by Washington, would have prevented Russia from dominating Central Europe. In *The Hinge of Fate* we see the difficulties he will have in riding both these horses.

General Mark Clark provides a useful check on Mr. Churchill's version of history. *Calculated Risk* is a soldierly account of the North African and Italian campaign. A tough fighting general and a Catholic, General Clark found Brazilians, Frenchmen and Spaniards more to his taste than the Limies; yet he proved that the Anglophobe can be a thoroughly reliable ally, and he earns our respect by a forthright candour especially where Mr. Churchill is concerned.

> He had a surprising knowledge of tactical and strategic problems, but the military factors were always subordinate in his mind to political considerations

At first sight this is a surprising judgment. Reflecting on the events of 1942 and 1943 one is struck by Mr. Churchill's almost exclusive interest in military affairs and by the ineptness of his handling of the Darlan episode and even more of Italian politics after the fall of Mussolini. But a few pages later, General Clark explains what he means by the word "political."

> The whole Torch operation was primarily political because both the Prime Minister and the President had promised that a Second Front would be opened in 1942, and it was obvious that the North African area was the only place where this promise could be carried out.

Here at last we have the key to the door which Mr. Churchill is afraid to open. During and after the war, Mr. Churchill's critics have frequently accused him of trying to plan Anglo-American strategy in order to build a bulwark against the post-war expansion of the Soviet; and they add that he was thwarted by Roosevelt in this design. All the evidence suggests that this picture is completely distorted. In his dealings with the Americans Mr. Churchill showed a quite uncanny skill. Indeed he proved how far a British Prime Minister can restrain and control American policies if he understands American psychology and is content to play second fiddle—in public. On almost every issue, major and minor, during these sixteen months it was the British view which prevailed. No wonder that General Clark observes "once he had decided that a certain course of action was proper and would produce the best results for the Allied cause—and particularly for Great Britain—he relentlessly pursued that course, ruthlessly eliminating obstacles in his path."

But what was Mr. Churchill's concept of British interests? His own memoirs reveal it clearly enough. Right up to the end of the war, he was obsessed by the necessity of appeasing the Soviet Union—*but at a minimum cost in British lives.* His motives were twofold. First was the rational calculation that Stalin might make a separate peace if the Western Powers remained inactive throughout 1942. But secondly, there was the typically Churchillian feeling that one could not stand by and see an ally mauled to death. Reading the exchanges between Moscow and London, one observes how skilfully Stalin exploited Mr. Churchill's sense of honour. He played him like a fish and knew the abusive bait which would prove irresistible. Largely owing to Mr. Churchill, therefore, Anglo-American strategy became a reaction to Russian political pressure. Objectively, as Mr. Marshall seems to have realised, the case for delaying the Second Front until 1943 was overwhelming. But this would involve suffering passively under Stalin's jibes throughout 1942. Mr. Churchill could not bear it. So *Jupiter*—the occupation of Northern Norway, an operation which no general could be found mad enough to undertake—and *Torch*, the attack on the "soft underbelly" of the Axis, were conceived as substitutes for the genuine Second Front. There is plenty of evidence in *The Hinge of Fate* to show that the advance into the Balkans as a check on Russian expansion in central Europe is an after-thought which belongs to the climate of Fulton and not of Casablanca.

Once *Torch* was launched, however, it became, as Mr. Marshall saw that it must, an end in itself. You cannot leave a campaign, even if it is designed as a piece of political appeasement, uncompleted; and so the Ersatz made the real Second Front impossible in 1943. The "soft underbelly" proved to be a formidable spine and the "calculated risk" a terribly expensive commitment. Now, of course, appeasement of Russia is out of fashion and Mr. Churchill's legitimate claims to fame—that he persuaded the Americans to appease Russia—is an embarrassment.

How embarrassing, is indicated by his treatment of the Katyn murders. In April, 1943, Dr. Goebbels charged the Soviet Government with the murder of 13,500 Polish officers whose bodies had been discovered by the Germans in a mass grave and, the Polish Government in London demanded an inquiry by the International Red Cross. This led to a first-rate crisis and the rupture of Polish-Russian relations which became of prime importance to the whole course of East-West diplomacy. In a book nearly a thousand pages long, Mr. Churchill devotes just under four pages to this affair in the course of which he comes to the conclusions that the Russians and not the Germans were the guilty parties. In startling contrast with his normal habit he quotes none of his own memoranda or telegrams, and you will not find the telegram to Stalin, to which he refers on page 680, even in the Appendix. Those who remember the attitude of the British Government to the Poles in April, 1943, or for that matter at Yalta two years later, will appreciate the reason for this unusual reticence. It whets our appetite for Volumes V and VI. Self-censorship is sometimes more revealing than copious eloquence.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

CHEERFUL INQUEST

The Rise of English Opera. By ERIC WALTER WHITE. *Lehmann.* 21*s.*

An optimistic title. The author knows that we shall be surprised, and explains that he is thinking of the recent brightening of the sky: "Whatever faults, disappointments and disasters there may have been in the past, the auguries are more favourable now than at any other period." Agreed; but his book, a model of thoroughness, covers some three and a half centuries, during which it is difficult to discover a general upward trend.

The history of English opera differs from that of English music in one respect: whereas our music declined after a brilliant start, our opera never truly started at all. In spite of all the explanations I have read—literary, religious, Marxist—both facts remain rather mysterious. The combination of our Elizabethan dramatists and musicians might have been expected to produce a lyric drama as brilliant as that of Italy; but for some reason the national genius flowed mainly into spoken drama, and consequently music for the stage never shook itself free of a subservient role. Purcell, had he lived longer, might perhaps have founded a tradition of fully composed opera; certainly he had all the necessary gifts. But there is no evidence that he grasped the possibilities of his own *Dido* or that he was dissatisfied with that tiresome British compromise, the half-opera of the type of *King Arthur* and *The Fairy Queen.* From then until comparatively recent times, only the smaller and slighter forms show much vitality: *The Beggar's Opera,* the ballad operas and the comic operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. Of course, there are the romantic Victorian pieces like *The Bohemian Girl, Maritana* and *The Lily of Killarney,* which used to be known as "the English *Ring.*" "If we wash their faces," asks Professor Dent, "will there be anything left of them?" Well, at this moment, The Bo Girl is having her face washed, powdered and painted by no less a person than Sir Thomas Beecham; but I doubt if she will hold her own in the presence of Carmen and Violetta Valéry.

Thus, despite the emergence of an operatic genius in Benjamin Britten and the new enthusiasm for opera shown by a large number of English composers, the proportion of native operas in the repertory is bound to remain, for many decades, very small. Unwilling to admit this hard fact, enthusiasts for the policy of Opera in English anxiously scan the past for revivable works; and it is interesting to compare the list proposed by Professor Dent, in his admirable Pelican, with those suggested by the present author. Professor Dent's list is briefer and more realistic; Mr. White does not always remember the difference between a repertory piece and an occasional picturesque revival for the fun of the thing. For instance, he thinks it reasonable to expect that a large number of Victorian romantic operas "would hold the stage to-day," if performed as well as the Italians perform Donizetti (which is really not saying very much); his candidates from this field include, not only "the English *Ring,*" but *The Mountain Sylph, The Night Dancers, King Charles II, Robin Hood* and *Lurline*! Yet elsewhere he quotes, without disapproval, Shaw's opinion of *Lurline* (an opera by Wallace), that to hear it once is enough, "if not once too much." The sensible thing would be to try such works first on the wireless; but Mr. White seems indifferent, and Professor Dent almost hostile, to the invaluable achievement of the B.B.C. in extending our acquaintance with little-known opera of all schools. "Ordinary broadcasts (as opposed to television) can do little," says Mr. White, "beyond enabling listeners to become acquainted with operatic scores"—as though this were not three-quarters of the battle; while Professor Dent insists that "to hear an unknown opera without seeing it is almost as useless as it would be to see an opera without being able to hear a note of it." Much virtue in that "almost"!

With the exception of the B.B.C.'s activities, little escapes Mr. White's net, which he has flung extremely wide. His book, with its many detailed appendices, is a mine of useful information otherwise difficult or impossible to come by. It is also readable, but might have been still more so if the author had been less modest. Eschewing criticism, he restricts himself almost entirely to the role of chronicler; why, it is hard to see; he is a good musician, and we should like to have had his own comments on so many neglected and inaccessible scores. Perhaps, when it came to the point, he could hardly bear to examine the credentials of all those faded operas about which he manages to sound so hopeful. There are moments when he suggests the headmaster of a struggling school facing the parents on Speech Day.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE UNDETERRED

Arms of the Law By MARGERY FRY. *Gollancz. 12s. 6d.* Paper edition, *8s. 6d.*

Miss Margery Fry has always recognised the folly of overstating a good case, and *Arms of the Law* shows the impressive power that careful restraint can give to a felicitous style. In this book, which examines the value of punishment as a deterrent to crime, she combines as always a vivacious erudition with deep social compassion, but she has no vitriol for those who support our present penal laws nor even for those who want them made more retributive. They really do believe they are right, she says. "Conscious hypocrites exist, but the amount of self-knowledge which conscious hypocrisy demands is not common"; apart from the doctrine of stark and uncomplicated vengeance, she makes generous allowance for the probability that the ferocious criminological views erupting from the depths of breakfast-time newspapers merely illustrate a desire to preserve rites whose meaning has long been forgotten, nourished, perhaps, by dyspepsia. She treats law as a coming into consciousness of the relationships constantly generated by what she calls the "Gallup morality," and true penology as the art of educating that morality to the point where it will change the law, rather than using the law—in defiance of all human experience—as though it could change morality.

This involves her in a brief survey of the evolution of punishment, beginning about 2000 B.C. in Babylonia (where murder was a family matter outside the law like the theft of jam from the pantry); watching the gradual assumption by the community of the job of punishing the taboo-breaker; examining the medieval "proofs of guilt" by Divine intervention (an idea that survives to-day in the 32-syllable word gabbled by police witnesses with uplifted Testament); paying homage to Howard, Beccaria, Elizabeth Fry, Bentham ("pillaged by everyone, he still remains rich"), and Romilly; and concluding with the modern study of the brain as an electric machine and the incredibly complicated chemistry of the glands.

Discussion of the bodily chemistry, whose relevance to behaviour is only beginning to be understood, takes her into an absorbing "Digression on Fear," a comparison of present and anticipated dangers (for the criminal) in relation to the action of adrenalin on the body, to nervous apprehension in the mind, and to the naive belief that crime can be put down by severity. I do not altogether follow her here: I feel only that she and the great men she quotes must be right. I believe that ferocious laws have never yet succeeded in diminishing crime, but I believe too from experience that, whether their minds are on their present plight or on their future chances, most burglars at the moment of being caught are husky and sweating with funk; and I do not know whether this is because their bodies have been suddenly flooded with adrenalin or because, as the Commissioner of Police has told us, they now have in their pockets the Criminal Justice Act, 1948, dog-eared at the section dealing with preventive detention. (Nor do I understand why this should suddenly start frightening them: it's very little different from the "habitual criminal" provisions which it replaced, and burglars never used to carry the Prevention of Crime Act, 1908, for quick reference on the job.)

Miss Fry stresses one fact which may disturb the symmetry of some white moustaches, and which, though familiar enough to some prison visitors, is too little known among the people they visit and those busily qualifying for visits. It is that the ratio of mental defect is much higher among prisoners than among the law-abiding. This, rather than "Crime Doesn't Pay," might be used to stimulate thought among the imitative adolescents whom nothing at the moment seems to deter from the emulation of their heroes.

C. R. HEWITT

WHAT WAS I SAYING JUST NOW?

Studies in Milton. By E. M. W. TILLYARD. *Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Cultural Revolution of the Seventeenth Century. By S. L. BETHELL. *Dennis Dobson.* 15*s.*

Since the nineteen-twenties rediscovered Donne and Dryden, literary conversation about the seventeenth century has been animated and general. To come in now would be like arriving late at a party; it's hard to discover how all the flashing retorts and great truths fit together, or even, sometimes, what the conversation is about. "I didn't!" "You did!" and particularly "Oh, I never meant *that*" may be heard, dying down as yet another volume of the Columbia Milton or the Oxford Jonson falls with a plop from the press, but rising again higher and higher, with sometimes a scientist or theologian roaring above the din.

Dr. Tillyard has been at the party from the beginning—if he didn't help to start it—and so he knows what it's all about, and can conduct several conversations simultaneously. This is most

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HEINEMANN

necessary when Milton is the subject, for Milton remains at the centre of the whole discussion. Dr. Tillyard refers to his own study of 1930 as "a period piece" and in this new volume—his third on Milton—he selects for reconsideration certain central topics, especially the climax of *Paradise Lost*, the structure of *Comus*, and the relation of Milton's poetry to his theology. A new idea of Milton emerges; no longer the stained-glass effigy that T. S. Eliot once heaved a brick at, nor the acrimonious controversialist, he appears a humane and sensitive poet, with sweetness equal to his strength, the colleague of Andrew Marvell rather than the secretary of Oliver Cromwell. Dr. Tillyard, himself the most equable of controversialists, does no more than glance at current disputes: he is concerned with his subject, which delights and engages him, and scholarship is worn lightly. Nevertheless, this picture of Milton is disclosed only through the generally improved understanding of his age and of the true significance of its problems and disputes which scholarship has provided.

In the seventeenth century, modern England took shape; and now that we are visibly passing to a different society, inevitably we look back to our beginnings. In America, concern with what for Americans is their Heroic Age is natural, and study of the literature of the seventeenth century has become bound up with the history of ideas. Perhaps because of their inheritance from the German scholastic tradition, Americans have in fact taken a leading part in this development. It is generally agreed that in the early seventeenth century, the kingdom of knowledge was in some sense still a single dominion, but in the course of that century divisions first appeared which have led to the present fragmentation of knowledge. Therefore not only the subjects of seventeenth-century poetry but the actual forms of it are incomprehensible without some sense of the intellectual issues which radiated upon it and which it reflects with peculiar intensity. (Professor D. G. James has dealt admirably with the question in relation to the teaching of English in the *Universities Quarterly*.)

There is perhaps some danger that the history of ideas will gain the upper hand, and that, sporting and gambolling among such fascinating subjects as the new scientific vocabulary, or digging in the vast burrows of theological controversy, literary students should forget the ready and easy way, and the great landmarks. The scientists themselves are now beginning to regard the history of science as an essential part of their own discipline, and historians are taking a keen interest in literature. Dr. Tillyard, whose *Elizabethan World Picture* was one of the first books to introduce English readers to the earlier, and unified world of the older thinkers, is in no danger of losing his sense of proportion, for he never forgets what is due to the poetry in its own right. In this respect his last essay, moving and eloquent, might serve as a model. In the essay on *Comus*, without going into details about rhetoric or theology, he contrives to shift the stress towards the older interests: though here, and in the essay on *Paradise Lost*, I cannot feel sure that his theological implications would have been acceptable to Milton.

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It is precisely from the purely theological issues that Mr. Bethell starts, and to borrow a phrase of his own, he has chosen "a rather misleading title" for he is primarily concerned with the relation of faith to reason in the older theological writers, and the relation of reason to feeling in the older cosmology. He adds a chapter of miscellaneous observations on literary theory and practice, and an acute essay on Vaughan. The book takes a good deal for granted but it will be appreciated by the specialist. Mr. Bethell is indebted to *The Elizabethan World Picture*, as he acknowledges, but he proceeds upon a text provided by T. S. Eliot, which has also received full attention recently from several other writers, notably F. W. Bateson. In fact, if Reilly could only get warmed up at this particular Cocktail Party, he might revise "The Purple Cow".

> Oh, yes! I mentioned "dissociation of sensibility"—
> How I regret the mention!
> But, dropping my accustomed imperturbability,
> I'll kill anyone who tells me again what was, ought
> to have been, or might be, my full intention.

M. C. BRADBROOK

NEW NOVELS

The Masters. BY C. P. SNOW. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Lovers. BY ROBERT PAYNE. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Wedlock's the Devil. BY MARGARET BULLARD. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The writer who sets out to write a work in many volumes must, I suppose, undergo a quickening of his sense of commitment. The fears that haunt the artist, the fear that death will intercept him, that he will lose his powers, that he has misunderstood their nature, that he isn't ready yet to write his masterpiece, that by his way of living he has already damaged his talent: the circle of grinning skeletons takes a step forward. To invite this the writer must have a good deal either of confidence, or at least of what might be called creative bloody-mindedness.

For, of course, the rewards are considerable. Just as many people toy with the idea of writing a novel, so many novelists must toy with the idea of an essay on the monumental scale. But the actual attempts at this—nowadays, and in this country—are rare. Both *The Masters* and *The Lovers* are novels in a series. Both are wholly self-contained; it would not be easy to guess from internal sources that Mr. Payne had written about the same characters before; it would be possible, although it would be imperceptive, not to realise that Mr. Snow had done so. I have myself read all Mr. Snow's earlier novels in the series bound together by the personality of the narrator, Lewis Eliot, and my pleasure in *The Masters* was enhanced by this. Yet I should find it hard to explain why.

For *The Masters* is a strikingly exclusive book. The story is simply that of the politics of a middle-sized Cambridge College, faced, in the fatal illness of the Master, with the task of electing his successor. Everything not absolutely relevant to this has been cut out. The work has been written with the economy of a short story; to a remarkable degree it gives the impression of being the product of a single pulsation of energy, and it is only in retrospect that one realises that it is not a short book, but quite a long one. *The Masters* permits no distraction of attention; its opening is as quiet as the perimeter of a whirlpool, and like a whirlpool it proceeds gently to fasten upon the attention. But the journey to the centre seems to be over in a flash; there is no time for looking at the scenery on the banks. To change the metaphor, we are engrossed in an architectural feature; it is in itself beautifully done; but it is a harmonious part of a larger whole. In the illusion that it gives of brevity it is a justification of the scale upon which Mr. Snow has chosen to work.

Mr. Snow's clarity is obtained by a sharp unwavering focus of his lens upon a certain level of behaviour, the level of political behaviour in a small society, which, for all its disunity, is very closely knit. The Fellows are like-minded men, and their behaviour is civilised. There are only two serious candidates for the Mastership, and two parties in the College, but whichever side the Junior Fellow takes it will neither damage his career nor advance his admission to the Royal Society by a single election. Feeling runs both high and deep, but it cuts across the party alliances of the larger world; it is possible, even, that one of the Fellows will not trouble to return to Cambridge to record his vote. The uncertainties, the jealousies, the apprehensions, the obscurities of politics are here; but the politics of the purge and the confession are here only by distant implication. Something of depth and force has, in fact, been sacrificed to point and clarity; *Time of Hope*, Mr. Snow's last novel, with its shadow of insanity and its chiaroscuro of disillusionment, was a less readable, more painful, more disturbing, and in the last resort more painfully and disturbingly impressive novel. Yet *The Masters* stands out boldly as an achievement; lucid, compelling, ironical rather than tragic, generous in its fullness, it gives the effect, rare in contemporary fiction, of being, not a painful trickle from a labouring pump, but the controlled outflow of a reservoir.

It is curious to turn from the sober Cambridge stone, the cold spring sunshine and the autumn storm-grey of *The Masters* to the blaze, the red madder and the flashing heron's wing of Peking. *The Lovers* is set in 1910, on the eve of the revolution, but for all it has to do with the Cambridge of Spanish Civil War days it might as well be set in remote antiquity. It is, the publishers say, the third of a series of novels dealing with the lives of the three children—two brothers and a sister—of a Manchu aristocrat, who, at the date of this book, has just ceased to be Viceroy of Manchuria. The cast is completed by two young Japanese, Prince Kiio and his sister Princess Seluku Toyama; an Italian girl, Francesca; and various supernumerary figures from the Legation Quarter and the Court. There is even a brief glimpse, which contrives to be in some way both credible and incredible, of the infant Emperor on his state barge. The robed and rouged little boy, with his jade finger-nail protectors and his severe childish dignity, is a figure from some fabled pre-Hellenic antiquity, but Mr. Payne anchors him firmly enough in the world of Blériot.

It is, in fact, Mr. Payne's achievement to have taken this whole, incredible, vanished life of formal robes, slave-girls, calligraphy and obeisances; to have treated it, not with a down-to-earth realism, but with a lush, sensuous and lyrical romanticism, and yet to have brought a picture before our eyes with a good deal of sharpness. Intimate knowledge may account for it. Whether life was "like this" in Imperial Court circles in Peking in 1910, few people will be able to say, but Mr. Payne writes about it, not indeed in the same way, but with the same familiar authority as Mr. Snow brings to a Cambridge College. No one is likely to argue with him about verisimilitude anyway. *The Lovers*—the lovers of the title are Seluku and the Viceroy's poetic and revolutionary son Lifeng—is a seductive book with the peculiar advantage that its serious concern with the revolutionary situation only makes an impeccable excuse for 1951 Welfare State Socialists to have a little outing in a world of silk, slave-girls and princesses.

There is no bridge from Imperial Peking to New Glasgow; a violent jump is now involved. New Glasgow is a Canadian University town, and it is the scene of *Wedlock's the Devil*, a story of English intellectuals in exile which says at length about New Glasgow what Samuel Butler concentrated into four words about Montreal. Intellectually sterile, provincial, philistine, snobbish and ignorant, barbarian in youth, dyspeptic and alcoholic in middle age, the inhabitants are unattractive, particularly when looked at down a long Cambridge nose. This is an entertaining and annoying exercise in the higher cattiness, entertaining because it is shrewdly observed and well-written by a writer who had standards of her own to erect in the cultural desert of New Glasgow, but annoying because points of skittishness, evasion, and "niceness" show up like soft bruised places on what should be a perfect surface. The book is good enough to make one think occasionally of *Appointment in Samarra*, and it is because it won't sustain this kind of comparison that one feels a little let down. Nevertheless, *Wedlock's the Devil* remains a very engaging entertainment, creamily smooth, like a good cocktail, and like a good cocktail concealing the ingredient which gives it a powerful kick.

J. D. SCOTT

THIS SEMI-PRECIOUS STONE

Home and Away. By ADAM DÉ HEGEDUS. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. de Hegedus's new book is a straight documentary on the habits and lives of post-war Englishmen. It is, in fact, an At Home Day for Our Island Fortress: and just inside the gate Mr. de Hegedus is waiting, ready to start on a relentless and exhaustive tour from dungeon to keep, from kitchen to state-apartment. And, of course, he has the personnel lined up to meet us. Suitably bowdlerised in dress and accent, nails scrubbed and smiles rehearsed, rows and rows of "representative" men and women are there to make their bow, utter their allotted commonplace, and withdraw with a cheerful and purposive look. Then there is high tea and it is time to go. "Well, I'm sure we're all very grateful to Mr. de Hegedus for showing us round. He has given us a feeling of *real* confidence in the work our boys and girls are doing here." Exactly: it has all been highly instructive—and an unbelievable strain on the feet.

Mr. de Hegedus takes as his theme a resemblance between contemporary England and the central Europe of his childhood, the central Europe where "subsidies," "controls" and "planning" were everyday realities at a time when they were, in England, merely private words on the lips of unpublicised experts. But in the Hungary of Mr. de Hegedus's youth the only result of it all was an E. Phillips Oppenheim fantasia; in England, on the other hand (and here is the second part of his theme), he sees every reason to expect an ultimately felicitous outcome. For England, he says, is at last returning to the Continental fold, whence, perverse and foolish, she has strayed too long: an alliance of ideas, not only of practical interests, is already imminent: and with such a leaven the future quality of the English lump is assured.

Now the trouble is simply this: where Mr. de Hegedus succeeds (as often he does) in detecting Continental influence, it is of a kind that has little bearing on the future of our country; and, conversely, where he is able to find good hope for our future, it is mainly independent of Continental influence.

He establishes both sides of his thesis, but not their interdependence; and as this interdependence is, in fact, a welcome but seldom acknowledged reality, his failure to demonstrate it is a pity.

Still, as has been remarked, his theme is not insistent. A more general view of his work, however, merely leads us to another failing, though admittedly one that is in the circumstances difficult to avoid. Bluntly, it is the preponderance of cliché throughout the book. There is the poor-but-earnest-student cliché, the disappearance-of-the-dandy cliché, and, of course, a chapter on the Spiv. We are asked to observe the Decline in Craftsmanship, the Danger of the Collective Holiday, the Unsatisfactory Sex Lives of Young Workers, and the Justifiably Embittered Middle Class. We are in sympathy, a sympathy, however, that Mr. de Hegedus is not the first person to solicit. We have already met the overworked don, the underpaid D.P., the nationalised but disillusioned coalminer. The impartiality of Mr. de Hegedus (who is, we are frequently reminded, a sociologist as well as a writer) is necessary and admirable; but, thickly and evenly spread, as flavourless as margarine, it is ill-calculated to enliven commonplace.

So one longs for a grain of malice, and wonders just how deep the undercurrent of ironic wit, advertised on the book-jacket, is running. Some eleventh-hour but rather damp pyrotechnics on the subject of modern writers include an enjoyable set-piece of Mr. Evelyn Waugh persistently being snubbed and eluded by even the Catholic Aristocracy.

But with some remarks on the writer's economic position we are back on the old level; and there, during an atrophied discussion of big business and a last chapter which says how right Mr. de Hegedus was in the first—there, I'm afraid, we stay.

SIMON RAVEN

The Annual Register, 1950. *Longmans.* 63*s.*

The Annual Register is 192 years old. To compare, say, the 1850 volume with this one is to realise afresh the immense growth in that century of political readership and the popular valuation of events—a growth that survives the worst the modern press can do in the way of misplaced emphases. The Hogarthian 1850 chapters on murder and seduction have been crowded out, and five hundred pages are now skilfully apportioned between home politics, foreign affairs (Chapter V is ominously called "The Darkening Way"), the colonies, foreign history, the arts, sciences, law and commerce. The writing throughout maintains a reasonable objectivity without ever becoming sterile, contributors being allowed such elliptical phrases as "General MacArthur's resounding affirmations of confidence reverberated round the world"; and a glance through the forty-eight packed columns of the Index, which runs from the Aaland Islands to Mr. Zilliacus, gives the impression that nothing of any real moment has escaped mention. If you could always be sure of the *Annual Register* as a Christmas present, you could almost give up newspapers.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphonies. MOZART: G major, K 199; D major, K202 (Bamberg Sym Orch/Jochum. Oiseau Lyre *LD 6). These little works, which date respectively from 1773 and 1774, will be welcomed by music-lovers in general and especially by those interested in the early flowering of Mozart's genius. The performance is bright and clean, the recording tolerable, but not up to English standards. BEETHOVEN: No. 8, F major (Paris Conservatoire Orch/Münch. *LX 3053). Münch would not seem to have been a good choice for this symphony. He sacrifices everything to brilliance: the tempi are generally too fast and the wind detail (of paramount importance in this case) is obscured—the flute entries, indeed, are often inaudible. Recording muddy. SCHUBERT: No. 6, C major (LSO/Krips. *LXT 2585). It is my impression that the tone here is, on the whole, less clean than in the admirable SP version of the same performance. There is, too, some distortion in the tutti; but the disc must be recommended for its fidelity to the spirit of the music.

Concerto. BRUCH: Violin Concerto, G minor, Op. 26; BACH: Partita No. 2, D minor (Campoli/New SO/Royalton Kisch. *LXT 2596). This rich, emotional, but admirably concise work has the benefit of Alfredo Campoli's warm tone and beautiful phrasing, but the recording is not too comfortable and there are some patches of unpleasant sound. The Kulenkampff set (Decca SP) is in every respect superior, but owners of LP equipment will no doubt be glad to have Mr. Campoli's extremely polished rendering of the Bach unaccompanied Partita (it contains the famous Chaconne), although his see-saw method of quadruple stopping is not in good style. The recording here leaves little to be desired.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. WAGNER: *Parsifal*—Prelude to Act 1 and Good Friday Music (NBCSO/Toscanini. DB 21270-2). I believe discophiles who love the Prelude to *Parsifal* will be well advised to buy this set, for the sake of the magnificent performance which can be heard through an abominable recording. In the Good Friday Music the tone becomes unendurably bad, but in the Prelude it remains, though quite unreal, not positively unpleasant. DELIUS: *North Country Sketches* (RPO/Beecham. LX 1399-1401). This is not the best Delius, but it makes agreeably dreamy listening, and at least three of the four movements are full of lovely, picturesque sound. The performance and recording are near perfection. STRAVINSKY: *L'Oiseau de Feu*—Suite (Philharmonia Orch/Galliera. DX 1757-9). Neither in performance nor in recording equal to either of the Ansermet sets (Decca SP and LP). Moreover, the latter SP includes the charming Scherzo which is not part of the suite and is usually omitted in concert performances of the work. VERDI: Luisa Miller—Overture (Philharmonia Orch/Markevitch. C 4097). Verdi himself spoke slightingly of this overture, but though relatively empty and in places very noisy it has one interestingly unconventional feature, being entirely built from a single theme. The performance is excellent but the recording inferior to recent issues of similar music by the same forces. REZNICEK: *Donna Diana*—Overture; JOHANN STRAUSS: *Wine, Women and Song*—Waltz (Vienna Phil/Karajan. LX 1402). This excellent record has now been transferred from the "Special" list.

Chamber Music and Piano Solo. BACH: Violin Sonata No. 2, A major (Menuhin/Kentner. DB 9638-9). Quite as well played as the Sonata No. 1 recently issued by the same duo, and even better recorded. The slow movement in particular is meltingly beautiful. FRANCK: Violin Sonata, A major (Lola Bobesco/Jacques Genty. *LX 3056). FAURÉ: Violin Sonata, A major (Ditto. *LX 3057). Easily the best available recordings of these noble and intensely musical works. The playing is authoritative, the performers a true duo, and the recorded tone, if not quite of the best, is warm and expressive. BEETHOVEN: Sonata, E flat major ("Les Adieux"), Op. 81a; Variations and Fugue, E flat major ("Eroica"), Op. 35 (Gulda. *LXT 2594). These

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—and he means it, for there is a great shortage of good material. But Editors cannot spare time to write detailed criticisms of work that is not quite up to the mark. Hence the somewhat curt rejection slip that leaves would-be authors no wiser as to their faults.

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appear to me the most satisfying of Friedrich Gulda's recorded performances to date. In no other available version of "Les Adieux" are the pianistic problems of this curious sonata so adroitly solved. Unfortunately, the first two movements contain some bad distortion; at the beginning of the Finale the recording level is suddenly reduced and the tone becomes quite secure, to remain so throughout the *Eroica* Variations, which are, moreover, superbly played. BEETHOVEN: *Andante Favori* (Moiseiwitsch. C 4099) This piece was originally intended as the slow movement of the "Waldstein" Sonata. Beethoven's decision to reject it was clearly right, but it is none the less a beautiful and consoling piece. Moiseiwitsch's rendering is calm, classical and excellently recorded. LISZT: Sonata, B minor (Kentner. DX 1760-2). Of the three available issues of this very important work, Louis Kentner's is unquestionably the best recorded, though the surfaces are inadmissibly heavy. As far as interpretation goes, Leonard Pennario's LP disc (*CTL 7012) seems to me ahead of Kentner and even of Horowitz, but it is too poorly recorded to be worth recommending to any save students of the work. The Horowitz set, made in 1933, is still available (DB 1855-7); it has qualities of technique and sensibility that in my view raise it above Kentner's. I have no space here to go into details, but those who plump for the new set may be assured of an account of the work which is well above the average and which is distinguished by a firm sense of proportion, if not by any deep poetic feeling. SCARLATTI: Sonatas, E major, L. 23, and D minor, L. 413 ("Pastorale") (Lipatti. LB 113). The E major Sonata is one of those which, to my mind, desiderate harpsichord tone; it is wonderfully played on that instrument in the Landowska album. I need hardly say that Lipatti plays both sonatas inimitably and the recording is bright and clean.

Vocal. STRAUSS: Aria from *Capriccio*; MOZART: Arias; SCHUMANN, WOLF AND STRAUSS: Lieder (Dermota. *LXT 2592). A very well chosen recital. Anton Dermota's Lieder singing is distinguished by intelligence, taste and excellent diction. Only occasionally are we disturbed by a rather ugly tone in the top register; otherwise his lyrical style is peculiarly suited to the microphone. The Strauss *Ständchen* seems to me now the best available recording, for the old Schumann version has—most annoyingly—an orchestral accompaniment, and the surface of recent copies shows signs of a worn stamper. Of the Mozart arias, *Dies' Bildnis* is the best, *Il mio tesoro* the least well managed. The recording balance is not perfect and there is some deterioration at the centre of the disc; but the issue as a whole is far too good to miss. Another of these "recital" discs, by Gérard Souzay, is quite unsatisfactory, but many of the items are obtainable in excellent SP versions. STRAUSS: *Ariadne auf Nazos*—Zerbinetta's aria; MOZART: "Mia speranza adorata," K 416; "No no, che non sei capace," K 419 (Ilse Hollweg/LSO/Krips. *LX 3054). Ilse Hollweg is doubtless the best Zerbinetta before the public, and if her performance is at no point as sweet and effortless as Ivogün's, her high notes are stunning and her command of the situation impressive. All the same, I prefer her in the Mozart scenas, in which we never feel any strain on an otherwise beautifully pure tone. The recording is well managed. MOZART: *Così fan tutte*—"In uomini, in soldati"; "Una donna a quindici anni" (Alda Noni. DA 1986). Stylish and agreeable singing, in the Italian manner. The orchestral part is very well played and the balance excellent. BYRD: Mass in Four Parts (Fleet Street Choir/Lawrence. *LX 3046). A beautiful piece of polyphony, clearly sung in a manner which strikes me as somewhat inconsistent with the style of the music. The balance of parts is good, but there is occasional distortion. BRAHMS: *Feldeinsamkeit* and *Mit vierzig Jahren* (Hotter. LX 1403). A well-recorded example of Hans Hotter's tasteful, if rather colourless, Lieder singing. His style is better adapted to the forthright but rarely heard *Mit vierzig Jahren* than to *Feldeinsamkeit*, of which the best version is by Gerhard Hüsch (HMV Special Order). FESTIVAL HALL RECORDINGS (Royal Festival Orch/Dykes Bower/Festival Choir/Boult and Sargent. 2 DB and 3 DA discs). The much-vaunted acoustics of the Festival Hall make these pieces sound like early electric recordings—very clear, but (so to speak) antiseptic and totally without sonorous thrill. In any case it is a mistake to confide Vaughan Williams's ravishing *Serenade to Music* to a choir: the piece calls for individual voices and the original set (Col.), though none too well recorded, is worth possessing for the sake of a memorably beautiful performance.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,119

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a poem, complete in 23 syllables, entitled *Ennui*. Entries by August 14th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,116

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for an extract of 150 words from the programme note detailing the action of *either* an opera *or* a ballet based on any one of the following: *The Speckled Band, Little Lord Fauntleroy, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, Decline and Fall, Cakes and Ale, Mine Own Executioner, Pygmalion, 1984.*

Report by Richard Lister

An embarrassment of riches. The only difficulty for the setter was that of not finding space for as many entries as he would have liked. How, for instance, could one reject G. J. Blundell's *Speckled Band* opera which ended with Dr. Roylott's dying aria, "The Serpent's fang than death more keen." Or Christina Greenfield's ballet from *Mine Own Executioner* in whose second stage "There is a transference to a primæval jungle, where the Psychiatrist as a boy plays ball with a little girl. Lucian comes seeking his mother, but father figures loom out of the mists of the past. The Psychiatrist runs after Lucian." Decor by Leslie Hurry, presumably, and a part for Robert Helpmann. In Pauline Willis's *Pygmalion* ballet comes the telling sequence "Enter Liza who is stared at unmercifully as she dances; suddenly she stamps her foot (bloody!) and the crowd gasps and melts away." And others—too many to quote from—D. R. Peddy, K. S. Hopkins, P. M., Alan Blake, Colin Shaw. The prize has to be divided equally between the six printed below.

DECLINE AND FALL

Dramma giocoso in 3 Acts.

ACT II

After a prelude, recalling that to *Der Rosenkavalier*, the curtain rises on the Llanaba common-room, the same evening (Sports Day). From an adjacent dormitory emerges Mrs. Beste-Chetwynde, with Chokey Her rapturous *cavatina* on negro emancipation leads to the Headmaster's arrival, with Grimes, to announce little Lord Tangent's death under anæsthetic during the amputation of his foot. A poignant threnody ensues. The quartet are cheered, however, by Grimes's *buffo* aria recounting how his own leg was amputated by the Stoke-on-Trent tramcar.

Reiterated sneezes from the gown-cupboard disclose Pennyfeather—(again trouserless)—and Flossie. Explanations are pretermitted when the sinister Philbrick enters to report (*recitativo stromentato*) that the boys, baulked of the Llanaba Essay Prize, are assembling to loot the Chapel. He carries Pennyfeather's trousers, in which the missing Prize-money is discovered. The act concludes with the great septuple 'ensemble of perplexity' (Dent), into which are woven the *Preisliedmotiv* and the School song.

VIVIAN VALE

PYGMALION

(Note: The librettist has, as usual, taken some liberties with the original text.)

Higgins (Baritone), seeking a beautiful but uneducated girl for his sociological experiments, finds Eliza (Soprano), the Covent Garden flower girl, singing the lovely aria "I meant no harm," and takes her home, to the dismay of Freddy Hill (Tenor) secretly in love with her. At first Higgins bullies Eliza. Her drunken father, Doolittle (Bass) enters, but Higgins bribes him and he goes. Some months later, Higgin's mother (Contralto) gives a coming-out party for Eliza, now transformed into a raving beauty. Freddy and she sing the duet "You do it so awfully well," then Eliza leaves on the most sensational line in theatrical history. Later, she runs away from Higgins who has fallen in love with her and takes refuge with Mrs. Higgins. Pursued by Higgins, she confesses she loves Freddy and is going to marry him, with the blessing of her father, now reformed and wealthy, and Higgins renounces her in the touching "Farewell, sweet millstone. You my masterpiece."

H. A. C. EVANS

THE SPECKLED BAND

a ballet in three acts

Nevajno, the choreographer, has used Conan Doyle's *The Speckled Band* to interpret the eternal struggle between the Forces of Light and Darkness.

The main characters, Holmes, Dr. Roylott, and the Swamp Adder, are played by three groups of dancers representing respectively Virtue, and Satan and his henchmen.

The three Acts show the Invocation of Holmes by Helen Stoner and the grim warning by Roylott; meditation by Holmes; and the final combat in which all but one male Child of Light and one female Child of Darkness are destroyed. The inevitable uncertainty of the outcome is made apparent by the Coda, a courting dance by the two survivors.

The timelessness of the struggle is symbolised by dressing the male dancers in tweed togas, and the female dancers in Bikini costumes of vine leaves.

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The music, Griegberg's " Lyric Suite," is used merely to accompany the dancing and not to illustrate it.

PETER MAXWELL BASSETT

DIE BUNTFARBIGE BINDE: A (GERMAN) OPERA

Act I. *Holmes breakfast room*

The curtain rises on a group of urchins, assistants to the Detective who are receiving their wages from the Housekeeper (contralto). They sing a lively chorus (" *Munter Jugend* ") and are ushered out.

Holmes (tenor) and Watson (baritone) enter: Holmes fingering a violin, Watson expressing his admiration at the solution of the latest case (" *Holmes! es ist gang erstaunlich* "). Holmes in a monologue of great power and beauty (" *Watson! Ihr kennt schon mein' Methode* ") emphasises the essential simplicity of his methods.

He is interrupted by Anna (soprano) who entering and falling at his feet begs him in a passionate Aria (" *Angst, Angst. Ach Todes angst* ") to save her from her step-father and from the mysterious death of her sister.

Watson moved by her distress joins her in a dramatic duet (" *Meister! verweigert Euer Beistand nicht* ") appealing to Holmes who, at the climax joins his voice to the others in a sharply contrasting melody (" *Ich nehme an, der Fall mich interessiert* ") to signify his consent.

H. J. R.

PYGMALION: AN OPERA

. . . As Doolittle enters, the music grows soft and melancholy until Higgins, in passionate recitative, reproaches him with the crime he appears to be meditating—the sale of a daughter's honour. Doolittle replies disarmingly, a little embarrassed by Higgins's actions in increasing the distance between them and holding his nose, as though aware of a bad smell. The scene culminates in a charming and thoughtful aria by Doolittle: " Were I poor and yet deserving." Eliza's entry, clothed like a fine young lady, takes Doolittle aback, and presently the two break forth into the famous duet: " Hast thou, then, thy child forgotten?" Professor Higgins, learning Doolittle's mercenary but not entirely dishonourable intentions, forgives him and accepts his friendship (" A rascal thou, but I'm thy friend ") and after a merry and tuneful quartette, Doolittle takes his leave . . .

ALLAN M. LAING

DECLINE AND FALL

Act II. Sc. I.

It is Sports Day at Llanaba Castle. In a spirited chorus, Pennyfeather, Prendergast and Grimes welcome the great day, but Dr. Fagan strikes a note of foreboding in the aria " Now for another fiasco." A hunting horn announces the arrival of Lord and Lady Circumference, and the sports begin. An orchestral quotation from *Der Freischutz* skilfully interwoven with the air " Beer, beautiful beer " ushers in the shooting of Lord Tangent by the drunken Prendergast. While the latter sings hilariously " First blood to me," the boy intones a pathetic chant " Shall I die?" The oboes give the answer in a faint rendering of the Amputation motif. To a spritely chorus from the onlookers, the Three Mile Open is run, and in the aria " He only went round five times," Lady Circumference accuses Clutterbuck of cheating. The scene ends in an intricate ensemble, while the Debagging Motif, heard on the violins, brings back our interest to Pennyfeather.

EDWARD BLISHEN

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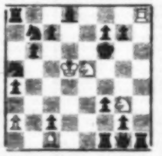
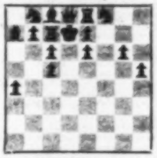
CHESS: David Slaying Goliath

No. 96

A: Author Unknown

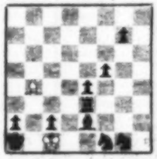


B: H. Cohn, 1929



I will come straight to the point, or rather to the 45 points to be garnered in the traditional beanfeast of a bank holiday. In **A** Black has all his bits and pieces, but they are so unco-ordinated that White's agile Knights can hold that badly served King in perpetual check. It will take them 16 moves, though, before they can start the repeat performance. 4 points should be ample for this as well as for **B** where White wins with even greater odds against him: indeed the greatest possible odds, since Black has all his army and White merely his K and one solitary P. The question is where to place those heroes so that they can administer a mate in 3. And since we always like to see a giant-killer, here (in **C**) we have our David in the garb of a Bishop triumphing single-handed against fearful material odds. It is a mate in 4, and since this is not quite as easy a problem as most of the others I will generously rate it 6 points. In **D** our David is dressed up as a Knight; but perhaps the White K has an even greater claim to being called the hero of the piece. At any rate, it is a mate in 7. Mere child's play, and to rate it as highly as 4 points might almost be considered an insult to veteran competitors, unless allowances be made for the holiday spirit and a particularly sunny week-end.

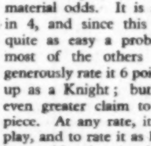
C: A. Kraemer, 1937



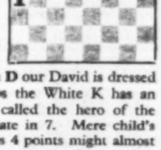
As for **E**, competitors may be puzzled to see a black square in the right-hand bottom corner. But it so happened that the position was discovered on a deserted coffeehouse table by three experts who sat down on the left, on the right, and on the opposite side of the board respectively. Thus, for No. 1 the P was on his KB7, for No. 2 on QKt6 and for No. 3 on QB2. Expert No. 1, almost at first glance saw a mate in 2, but No. 2 discovered a 3-mover, and No. 3 a 4-mover. For our competitors this tripartite, or rather trilateral problem will rate 3 points each.

After so much midsummer-madness a couple of honest and sound studies should be welcome. **F** and **G** are all that, and quite subtle too. I would never rate them less than 7 or 8 points, but in relation to their less serious companion pieces this week, they may well seem to be under-rated with 9 points each. White to win in both of them.

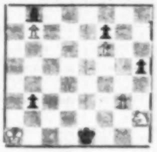
D: H. Wieckoviak, 1951



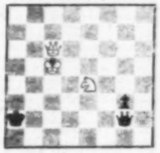
E: Deutsche Schachblätter, 1951



F: Stcherbina, 1951



G: R. Reti, 1925



Usual prizes. Entries by August 13.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set July 14

A: (1) . . . R-K6; (2) R-KB1, Q-B6; (3) Kt-Q2, Q x BP, ch. and mates in four moves.

B: (1) R-K4 ch, B x R; (2) Q-Kt 7 ch, K-K3; (3) Q-KB7 ch, K-K4; (4) P-B4 ch, K x P; (5) Q x KBP ch, K-K5; (6) Q-B5 ch. and mates next move.

C: (1) Kt-B6 ch, K-R1; (2) Kt-B3, B-B6; (3) Kt-Q5, B-R4; (4) K-R4, Kt-Kt2; (5) K-Kt5, B-Q1; (6) K-B6, Kt-R4 ch.; (7) K-Q7, Kt-Kt2; (8) K-B8, etc.

This trio, apparently, wasn't nearly as easy as I thought. I did expect, though, that a good many competitors might be stumped by the intricacies of C. Prizes shared by C. Allen, H. F. Moxon, A. Rhoden, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC.

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By maintaining an account with the C.W.S BANK you not only have access to all the usual banking services but you share in the surplus earned by way of remunerative interest rates. Please complete the request below and full particulars will be sent to you.

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Save your WASTE PAPER

The need is very great. Most Local Authorities are again collecting.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUCKLAND University College (University of New Zealand). Applications are invited for appointment to a Senior Lectureship in Geography. Candidates should be especially qualified in the regional Geography of such areas as Asia, Europe (including the British Isles), and North America, and be interested in one or more of the systematic branches of the subject. The Senior Lecturer will be paid a salary of £1,000 per annum rising to £1,200 per annum by annual increments of £50. The successful candidate will be expected to take up his duties on February 1, 1952, or as soon thereafter as may be arranged. Further particulars and information as to the method of application from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 The closing date for receipt of applications is Sept. 8, 1951.

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand. The Council of Victoria University College proposes shortly to appoint a Senior Lecturer in the Department of English and New Zealand Law, and invites applications from suitably qualified persons for this post. The salary will be £1,000 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,200 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Duties to commence in January, 1952, or as soon thereafter as agreed upon by the Council. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is September 30, 1951.

CANBERRA University College, Australia. Applications are invited for appointment to the position of Temporary Lecturer in Economics. Salary scale £650-£1,050 p.a. (Aust.) with cost of living adjustments, at present an additional £42 p.a. Salary within the range will be in accordance with qualification and experience. Appointment will be for either one year or two years from January 1, 1952, and applicants should indicate for which period they are applying. Forms of application and further particulars from Secretary, Assoc. of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics is Aug. 20, 1951.

AMENDED notice. Psychologists in the Civil Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from suitably qualified candidates for about 8 permanent posts of Psychologist in Admiralty, War Office, Air Ministry, and Prison Commission; there will also be about 5 vacancies in the higher grades of Senior Psychologist, and a few in the grades of Principal Psychologist and Senior Principal Psychologist. Vacancies available for women may be restricted. Candidates for the posts of Psychologist must be at least 21 and under 31 years of age on May 1, 1951, with extension for service on a regular engagement in H.M. Forces. For the higher grades they must be at least 31 years of age on May 1, 1951. Salary scales (in London): Psychologist: £350 rising to £750 (men) or £650 (women); entering salary according to age, varying from £350 at age 21 or 22 to £600 (men) or £575 (women) at age 30 or over. Senior Psychologist: (men) £750-£1,000 (women) £650-£850. Principal Psychologist: (men) £1,050-£1,270 (women) £900-£1,100. Senior Principal Psychologist: (men) £1,500-£1,750. Particulars (including the qualifications prescribed) and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 75/51; completed applic. forms must reach him by August 23.

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers: The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1951. Interviews began in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1951, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degrees in 1951 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1951; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established civil servants of the Experimental Officer class) on August 1, 1951. London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers (men), £750-£950; (women), £625-£850; Scientific Officers (men), £400-£650; (women), £400-£525. Somewhat lower rates in provinces. Further particulars from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3399.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers for pioneer work with Problem Families. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

JANET Clarke Hall, Trinity College, University of Melbourne. Applications are invited for the office of Principal of Janet Clarke Hall which will fall vacant in June, 1952. The salary of the post is £750 (Australian) p.a. (no cost of living adjustment but board and furnished quarters provided). Trinity College, within the University of Melbourne, is a residential college for both men and women. Janet Clarke Hall, the women's section of the College, in addition to teaching and domestic staffs, accommodates some 70 resident women students. About 30 non-resident students are attached for tutorial classes. Applicants must be graduates of the University of Melbourne or of some University recognised by the University of Melbourne and must understand the conditions of undergraduate life in a residential university college. They must also be communicant members of the Church of England or of some Church in communion therewith. They should be not less than 30 nor more than 45 years of age. Full information and details of the conditions of the Principal's tenure may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is November 30, 1951.

ARMY Children's Schools. Secondment or Appointment of Teachers to Army Children's Schools Overseas. Qualified Men and Women Teachers are required to teach on the staffs of Army Children's Schools overseas. Vacancies, which include some Headmasterships, are outside Europe, i.e., Far East, West Africa, Egypt (Canal Zone) and some Mediterranean Stations. Normal tour of duty will be three years, except in West Africa, where service is for two periods of 18 months. Teachers will be civilians with officer status and will receive appropriate rate of salary on the current Burnham Scale, plus London allowance, outfit allowance and free passage. Married male teachers can be joined by their families, who travel free of charge. Details and application forms may be obtained from Under Secretary of State, The War Office (A.E.1), Stanmore, Middx.

B.B.C. invites applications for senior secretarial posts in the Television Service. Candidates must be prepared to work at Alexandra Palace and Lime Grove as required. First-class secretarial qualifications, including shorthand and typing, essential. Please write, stating age and experience, to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marking applications "Television Secretaries, N. Stm."

UNIVERSITY of Durham. Royal Victoria Infirmary and King's College Medical School. Joint Department of Psychological Medicine. Applications are invited for the post of Second Psychiatric Social Worker in the above Department, which at present consists of an out-patient and research centre and a separate in-patient centre and out-patient clinic attached to a general hospital. The successful candidate will be expected to assist in the development of the Department, in teaching and research projects. The salary will be on the J.N.C. scale with a responsibility allowance up to £75 in the case of candidates of exceptional suitability. The post is superannuable under the F.S.S.U. Applications, together with the names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be submitted not later than August 31, 1951, to the undersigned from whom further particulars may be obtained. C. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

RUNWELL Hospital, nr. Wickford, Essex. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker to the above Hospital. (The establishment consists of four P.S.W.s). Salary in accordance with the recommendations of the Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs) with car or travelling allowance. There is also a hospital car for the use of the department. Candidates must possess the Mental Health Certificate. There is a full-time secretary for the department, and good office accommodation. Applications with copies of recent testimonials, to be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible. T. Fitzroy Kelly, Secretary.

RESEARCH Officer for Trade Union. The National Union of Agricultural Workers invites applications for the position of technical assistant in Head Office. Knowledge of agriculture and ability to write articles essential. Further partics. of the appointment may be obtained from: The General Secretary, National Union of Agricultural Workers, 308 Grays Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

CHESTERFIELD Borough Welfare Committee (affiliated to N.C.S.S. and N.C.F.C.W.A.). Social Worker required as Assistant Secretary to above Committee. Applicants should hold a recognised Diploma or Certificate in Social Science. Duties include Family Case Work, Old People's Welfare, etc. Salary £310 to £415 per annum, commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications, giving full particulars and names and addresses of two persons for reference, should be sent not later than August 22, 1951, to the undersigned. Richard Clegg, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Chesterfield.

REQUIRED infant-junior teacher for small group 14-20 junior school children in a progressive community opening Sept., nr. Sevenoaks, Kent. Usual resident salary and normal teaching hours. Mother with young child or children welcomed. Box 5110.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

RESEARCH worker required by national social service organisation to undertake research with Problem Families. Estimated period 3-4 years. Applicant should preferably have an appropriate university or professional qualification, research experience and have shown a capacity for original work. Salary £500-£800 p.a. according to qualifications. Write to Box 5070.

COUNTY Borough of Derby, Children's Department. — A Children's Visitor (female) is required in the above Department to work under the direction of the Children's Officer. Duties include the placing and supervision of children in foster homes. Interest in child development and some experience or training in child care necessary. The post is graded in accordance with Grades I and II, £440 × £15—£515 per annum, of the N.J.C. Scales for Local Authorities' A.P.T. & C. Services, and is subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act 1937. Two months' notice is required of the termination of employment. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications giving age, qualifications, particulars of present and past employment, and names and addresses of two referees to be forwarded to reach The Children's Officer, The Council House, Corporation St., Derby, within 7 days of the publication of this advertisement. E. H. Nichols, Town Clerk.

THE Philips Group of Companies has a vacancy in the Central Personnel Department at their head office in London for a man whose primary responsibility will be to foster within the framework of the established general personnel policy, the personnel relations with administration and other office staff in various establishments in this country. The function will include the development of schemes for training, merit rating, promotion, group incentives and other arrangements to promote the enthusiasm and team spirit of the staff. It will be interesting and offer scope for a man with initiative and ambition. Candidates should preferably be between 25 and 40 years of age, have a degree and experience of personnel management practice. Starting salary according to experience and qualifications, but in all probability not less than £700 will be paid to a suitable person. Applications should be sent to the Chief Personnel Officer, Philips Electrical Industries, Ltd., Century House, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

NATIONAL Union of Students require a Travel Director, a Senior Secretary and an Incoming Tours Organiser for their Travel Department which has full travel-agency status and is Europe's largest national student travel bureau, planning and organising tours to and from England, arranging participation in International Work Camps and operating large-scale charter flights to U.S.A., Near East and the Continent. Other activities include arrangements for those who prefer to travel individually and student exchange. Write, giving full particulars, to: General Secretary, National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

EDUCATION Secretary. Owing to the pending retirement of the present officer, the Walsall and District Co-operative Society will shortly require the services of an Education Secretary, not over 45 years of age. Present membership 85,000, Trade £4½ millions. N.U.C.O. scale. Applications, giving details of qualifications and experience with copies of recent testimonials, to be received not later than August 10, 1951, and addressed to: The Education Committee, Walsall and District Co-operative Society Ltd., 6A The Square, Walsall, Staffs.

UNIVERSITY of Leeds. Applications, giving the names of two referees, are invited from men or women, preferably over 23, with (at least) H.S.C. and responsible clerical experience, for appointment in the office of the Registrar. Starting salary approximately £300. Applications should be sent to the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2, not later than August 15, 1951.

TRAINEE Personnel Officers (female) required by well-known Fashion House. Applicants should be aged 23-30, and must be prepared to take one year's training at recognised Institute of Personnel Management Course. After training applicants must be willing to work anywhere in Britain. Good salary while training. Write Box 5028.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Assistant House Mother at Littlegreen, Compton, the West Sussex County Council's Home for 60 related children between the ages of 2 and 14 years. The successful applicant will be responsible, jointly with a House Father, for the care of an all age "Family" group of 16 boys and girls. Friendly non-institutional atmosphere. Good holidays. Salary £262 12s. per annum less £60 deducted for board and lodging. Applications unfortunately not acceptable from those with own children still in their care. Further particulars and forms of application obtainable from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester.

NORTHERN Ireland. Londonderry High School. Required for September: A Specialist to teach French. Residence abroad essential. Salary according to Ministry's scale. Good qualifications and experience may lead to a post of responsibility. Candidates from Great Britain will receive a bonus towards travelling expenses. Apply at once to the Head Mistress.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY of Nottingham Education Committee, Meadows Community Centre.—Applications are invited for the post of Warden of the Meadows Community Centre. Salary £470 per annum rising by annual increments of £15 to at least £575 per annum. Further particulars and forms of applic. from F. Stephenson, Director of Education, Education Office, South Parade, Nottingham.

WORKERS' Educational Association, Northern District. Applics. invited for post of Organising Tutor. Salary scale £450-£650 Commencing salary according to quals. and exp. Application form from: W.E.A., 51 Grainger St., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1. Closing date for applications August 31.

CHILDREN'S Home. Married couple to take charge of small residential home: 12 boys and girls: ages, 7-12. Wife must have knowledge, understanding and long term view of work with maladjusted children (not mental). Husband to follow own occupation during day but prepared to give fatherly disciplinary help so creating real home life. London suburb; good living conditions and salary; other staff. Box 5088.

HOUSEPARENTS and Infant Teacher wanted for reform school maladjusted children. Residential. Box 5059.

NORTHERN Ireland, Londonderry High School.—Reqd. for Sept., specialist (temporary appointment) to teach Mathematics. Salary according to Ministry's Scale. Good qualifics. and exp. may lead to a post of responsibility. Candidates from Great Britain will receive a bonus towards travelling expenses. Apply at once to the Head Mistress.

ASSISTANT required in Secretary's Office in Light Engineering Company at East Acton, preferably young man recently qualified. Commencing salary around £500 p.a. according to experience with good prospects for right man. Write full particulars to Assistant Secretary, Adrema Limited, 27 Telford Way, East Acton, W.3.

YOUNG male shorthand-typist for interesting, confidential and accurate committee work in modern trade union office. Friendly atmosphere and good working conditions. Superannuation scheme. Salary £365 6s. to £443 6s. according to ability. Apply in confidence, enclosing recent testimonial: N.U.J., 96 Regent St., London, W.1.

EDITOR seeks secretary whose accurate and rapid shorthand typing would be merely incidental to assistance in the production of monthly journal. Some previous journalistic exp. useful but lack of it would not exclude consideration. Qualifics. are sound English, an alert mind, personal drive, and residence within easy travelling distance of Croydon. Write fullest particulars and salary required. Box 5157.

EARLY September required for Press office near Fleet Street, experienced Secretary/Assistant. Vital to have initiative, energy and sense of responsibility. Apply in writing: Box 4939.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for temporary or permanent posts, City or West End. Permanent posts up to £7. Temporary (for our emergency staff) £6 10s., 10-5, no Sats. Dutton's Secretarial Service (Agy.), 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

WELL-educated lady reqd. to manage furn. flats office—shorthand typing essential, a knowledge of furniture desirable. Good salary and prospects. Grosvenor Secretarial Agency, 25, Grosvenor St., W.1. MAY 2396.

COOK-Housekeeper required mid-September at Chelsea Open Air Nursery School, 51 Glebe Place, S.W.3. Main duties catering, cooking school dinners. Average 40 small children, and staff. Residence. Sal. £200 p.a. School holidays if required. Apply in writing to the Superintendent.

HOME and good wages offered to kindly, practical woman for help in care of business woman's flat and toddler daughter. N. Lond. No objection one child. Box 4881.

COOK reqd. also housemother. Progressive. Hever Warren School, Hever, Kent.

PUPPETS. Glove and string operators required, part-time, for unique Television experiment. Previous professional experience not essential. Box 5192.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SECRETARY, expert S/T., good experience, free lance. MOU 1701.

EDUCATED woman, about to reside in Ormskirk, requires secretarial post; fully trained. 24 years' experience, knowledge indexing, proof-reading, accounts. Box 5036.

INDIAN journalist, 22, M.A. (Econs.) and B.Com., seeks suitable post. Willing to go anywhere. Contact: Rajendra Nigam, 19/58 Patkapur, Kanpur (India).

SCHOOLMASTER, 26, requires change occupation. Fluent French and Polish, some Italian. Would work or travel abroad. Any sound proposition considered. Box 4955.

YNG. educated German girl, 2 yrs' exp. Engld., v. gd. refs., Birkbeck Coll. stud., sks. domestic post London. Box 5126.

IS there lively job for impoverished student (28)? Soc. Studies Cert. June, further training Oct. Erstwhile secretary, W.A.A.F., Foreign Service (Rome, Paris). Wide interests. Box 5104.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

EDUCATED woman, 35, cultured, presentable, practical, skilful and domesticated, seeks suggs. for employment, e.g., housekpg. Good with children. Would travel. Box 5156.

PROFESSIONAL male (50), own car, free; own business 3 days wkly. Open to suggestions partnership/employment. Box 4919.

RESEARCH assistant wants work. Scientific terms understood. Mod. wages. Hrs. to suit client. A. James, 5 Gayton Crescent, N.W.3. HAM. 6340.

CAMBRIDGE grad. (econ.) sks. intng. intellectual work—journalism, library, etc., knowledge of languages, Russian/English translation. Suggestions welcd. Box 4916.

YOUNG woman, with initiative, wide interests, requires post London, preferably part-time. Experience includes welfare and secretarial work. Box 4866.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

HOLIDAYS Woolacombe, glorious Devon. "Sea-View" Guest House, adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Comf. house. Mod. terms. Vacancies Sept. only. Mrs. Garness.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Fishing, golf, lakes. Comfort and good food. A.A., R.A.C. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

HOLIDAY centre for the Trossachs. Brook Linn, Callander, Perthshire. Vegetarian Guest House. From 6½gns. Special terms for families. Tel. Callander 103.

HASTINGS 4571. Reputed for congenial guests, with broad outlook, excel. meals, lovely gardens, ideal position. Summer: 4½-6gns. Recom. Labour Party. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

BRIGHTON. Queensbury Private Hotel, Regency Square. 'Phone 235581. Facing West Pier. Good food. Comfort. Personal service. Terms 6-8gns.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in lovely country within reach Eastbourne. Comfort and good food. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex.

SIMPLE accommodation with friendly people. Woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks, quiet Pennine valley. From 3gns. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge, Yorks.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt.-Cdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (Rtd.).

LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking, Woodlands Guest House, Lakeside, Via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere. Log fires. Home produce. Write for booklet.

FOLKESTONE. Earlsmead Hotel, 13 Earls Avenue. Ideally situated. From 5½gns. according to season. Tel. 2583.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds, Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham, Oxon. Comfortable, good food, excellent centre.

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised; H. & C. in all bedrooms; every comfort. Winter terms 3½-5gns. Summer terms 5-7gns. Phone Hastings 5110.

KENWYN Hotel, Earls Court, 29 West Cromwell Road, London, S.W.5, offers comfortable board residence with special terms for permanent guests, also bed and breakfast. Terms reasonable. Phone Frobisher 1000.

RURAL Essex. Manor House Hotel and club in own park grounds of 20 acres now open. Fully licensed, every modern comfort. Tennis, squash, swimming, dancing. Apply Little Bardfield Hall, nr. Braintree. Phone Great Bardfield 241.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac. The Lawns Hotel, overlooking Bay and 13 miles of coastal scenery. Thoroughly recom. Few vacancies Aug. and Sept. Brochure. Tel. 291.

CRAB and Lobster Hotel, Ventnor, Isle of Wight. Tel. 161. English and Continental cuisine. Games room. Scheduled as an historical building. Terms: 6gns.-8gns.

OLD Plaw Hatch, nr. East Grinstead. If you're taking your holiday later, have a few days' break from work now. Enjoy fresh air, excellent cooking. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

MINEHEAD, one of the loveliest spots in Somerset. Easy reach Exmoor, Quantocks, Brendon Hills. Beaconwood Hotel, magnificently situated North Hill, overlooking Bay. Home-grown produce. Healthy satisfying meatless meals, wholesome savouries, ample salads. Fruit from own orchard. Extensive gardens. H. & C.; gas fires and rings. 5½/6gns. May-Oct.; 4½/5gns. Nov.-April.

GERRANS, Portscatho, South Cornwall, close to sea and the lovely Percuil river. Excellent bathing, sailing and fishing. Carndodman Guest House has a few vacancies late Sept. Terms 6gns. Write for brochure from Resident Proprietors or 'phone Roseland 38.

PENDINE Sands. Homely comfortable accommodation; beautiful country and coastal scenery. Good table, home produce. Terms 5gns., special terms for family party. Vacancies from August 25. Tel.: Pendine 226, Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire.

EIRE: Achill Island, Mountain View Hotel, Dugort, Westport, Co. Mayo. Situated midst sea and mountains. Excellent catering. Safe bathing. Open during Winter. Terms: £5 10s.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

N. CORNWALL coast, Cottage Guest Hse. Sands, bathing, surfing, buses 5 mins. H. & C. Vac. September 1 on. Clifton Cottage, Treknow, Tintagel. Tel. 72.

PENARTH. "Vegetarian Guest Ho." Rectory, S. Wales coast. Ideal sitn. Plant. hol. resort. O'l'kg. sea. Attractive caterg. Brochure.

STEANBRIDGE, quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley, welcomes people of all nationalities. Unspoilt country. Large garden; home-grown product; garage. Breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2312.

BURCOT, Oxon. Croft House Hotel. Two double rooms vacant autumn and winter or permanent. Central heating. Spring interior beds. Faces south. Grounds 4½ acres.

BOURNEMOUTH. Whitehall Hotel. A.A., R.A.C. Overlooking Pier Gardens. 57 Bed., H. & C. 'Phones. Lift. Summer terms from 8 to 11gns. Res. Director: N. S. Clouzy. Tel. Bournemouth 7155.

WESTERN Lake District. Irton Hall Hotel, licensed, Holmrook, Cumberland. Mountains, sea, home produce; H. & C.; billiards; table tennis. Children welc. Holmrook 42.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel—33 rooms. One acre grounds, Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 7-8gns. wkly., 6gns. Winter, inclusive. Tel. 1944.

HASTINGS. Oakhurst Hotel, The Ridge. Beautiful grounds (15 acres). Every comfort, H. & C., central heating, excellent cuisine (home produce) and happy atmosphere. Children welc. Early tea, 4 meals, and late tea. 4½-6½gns. Brochure. Tel. Baldslow 0444.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house beautifully situated above colourful valley, but close Pont-y-Pant stn. Mountains. Easy access coast. Mod. comf. Continental type cooking. From 6gns. Bwlch Bach Guest Hse., Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

SMALL modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres gnds. Mod. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

"BIDE-a-While Book." Unique guide to Britain's good hotels, inns, guesthouses. Post free, with Supplement, 3s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

HOLIDAYS that are Different—"Far from the madding crowd" at Felpham, a charming village on the Sussex Coast. Lovely Guest House, in half acre beautiful gardens, catering for Members Professions, Business Executives and Administrative Sections. From 7gns. Brochure. "Kenwood," Midway, Felpham 7, Sussex. Bognor Regis 2163.

CHILDREN'S Guest House, for children from 2 to 12 years, family atmosphere, country life, woodland, pony. White, Box Wood, Stevenage, Herts.

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, Nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Cent. Manor, in 18 acres of lawns and woodlands, adjoining bird sanctuary. Own fishing, shooting. Easy reach golfing & beaches at Rock and Daymer Bay. Own farm prod. Terms from 4½gns. Open all year round. Brochure on request.

LONDON. "West Court," Earls Court, S.W.5. Quiet, comfortable, min. Tube (9 min. run Piccadilly, etc.). FRObisher 6492.

BRONTE Guest House, Haworth, Keighley, Yorkshire. Moorland walking with literary interest. Good Yorkshire fare. Hot and cold water. Spring beds. Comfort.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel, for the loveliness of early Autumn. A.A. recommended. Immediately above sea, in 3 acres grounds. Modern comfort; excellent "home cooking." Tel. 316.

VEGETARIAN Country Club, high up in Surrey. Thinkers' rendezvous. Generous meals. Upwood House, Caterham. Tel. 3633.

BRUSSELS. Small modern hotel for the discriminating; Swiss run, central, rooms from 90frc. Rhin Hotel, 90 Rue St. Lazare.

CORNWALL, nr. Newquay. Castle-an-Dinas Guest House, for holidays or residence. Farm produce, Guernsey dairy. H. & c. all bedrooms, spring interiors. Lovely gardens. Lock-ups. Reasonable terms. Brochure, Smith, St. Columb 2145.

ROSELAND, S. Cornwall, for Autumn & Winter holidays, 4gns. inc. at Guest House on sea edge. Quiet, beautiful scenery. Own produce. Mrs. Job, Tirva, Veryan.

LAYTONS Wine Merchants, 2a Duke St. (Manchester Sq.), W.1, are also party caterers. WEL. 8808, 1864, Restaurant 0709.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

PERSONAL

ITAL. youth, 19, sks. hospity. Aug.-Sept. in cult. Eng. fam. Offers light farm lab./exch. hosp. with fam., Rome. Box 5149.

UNIVERSITY lecturer & wife seek comf. furn. cottage, pref. Cornwall, 2-3 weeks late August, early Sept. Box 4808.

AUTUMN hols. cent. Lakeland furn. bungalow to let Sept. 22 onwards. Box 4936.

GERMAN-English tech. translations undertaken by Chief Translator of late Control Office for I.G. Farben Combine. Box 4931.

PERSONAL—continued

"COLONNADE." A few copies are now available, as new but at greatly reduced price, of this comprehensive, scintillating selection from Tom Driberg's writings, highly praised in "N. S. & N." and other reviews but formerly hard to get. 5s. 9d. post free from Box 5264.

BOX 4527 regrets unable to personally thank readers for kind offers of help.

MOTORING, pref. France, Italy, Aug./early Sept. Doctor would like to hear of 1-2 persons; share expenses. Box 5120.

BARCELONA. Anyone interested in obtaining reduced rail fares by travelling in group on Aug. 25, please ring RIC. 1952.

MAN, 38, university staff, free 3 weeks beginning August 17, experienced driver, travelled, wants change, anything considered, anywhere, payment unimportant. Box 4914.

GENTLEMAN travelling Europe wishes companion (m.) share expenses. Box 5172.

RETIRED American & family want furn. apartment or small house Côte d'Azur, 3-6 mths. beg. Sept. 8, 3 bedrooms, living-room, kit., bath. Rent must be mod. Reply promptly air mail Van Hollen, 201 Cedarcroft Rd., Baltimore, 12, Md.

PROVINCIAL student reading privately B.Sc. (Econ.) (Old regs.) wishes contact ex-L.S.E. student with lecture notes Government & History Political Theory. Box 4895.

PERSON in possession of well-furnished farmhouse nr. Reading wishes contact middle-aged couple (pref. veg.) to run it together as hostel. Suggestions to Box 4719.

GOOD French cooking and flower arrangement in your holidays. Residential courses are again being held at Winkfield Place (Principals: Constance Spry and Rosemary Hume) from Aug. 26. Apply the Secretary, Winkfield Place, Winkfield, Windsor, for details.

REALLY happy home, permanent or temporary, in Shropshire, with riding and other country pursuits, offered to 4 or 5 children over 9 years of age, to be companions to own children 5 & 7. Adequate domestic help. Highest references. Box 4657.

THAMES Holidays for boys. Schoolmaster, experienced waterman, will conduct three parties August/Sept. Highest refs. Purvis, Corchester, Corbridge, Northumberland.

COACH wanted Econ. and Philos., Lond., N.W. Write Box 5044.

EXPD. accompanist offers services to singers and instrumentalists. Box 5013.

HONS. Grad. (Physics) seeks temp. work Aug., Sept. London area. Box 4971.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 3561.

MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

TRANSINTERPRETERS. Translating, interpreting, teaching. European languages. Always at 'phone. TER. 3586.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d., Florestan Co., 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

SHIRT doctor. Exceptionally skilful work. Collars, cuffs a speciality. Mod. charges. Write first to Box 4806.

HALL for hire Leics. Sq. Dances, meetings, Classes. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Köllerström, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co. Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

TURIN-Pisa-Florence-Rome. Under auspices Italian cultural organisation. Depart September 2, 15 days from 29gns. Details E.T.A., c/o I.S.S., 59 Gloucester Place, W.1.

THE lovely Dalmatian Coast this summer. Our long experience of arranging holidays in Yugoslavia is at your disposal. Write for brochure to Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. F, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, S.W.1.

A HOUSE-party holiday or country week-end will give you the change you need at a price you can afford! You will find pleasant surroundings, good food, stimulating company and every chance for open-air exercise, tennis, dancing, foreign language practice. Details of August vacancies from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

PERSONAL—continued

YUGOSLAVIA. Vacancies Youth Brigade organised British-Yugoslav Friendship Soc., leaving August 10. £16. Write Shufeldt, 2a Baydon Court, Lowndes Sq., S.W.1.

CONFERENCES, up to 30 persons, can be held at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Apply now for October and after. Warden.

THE Austrian Tyrol invites you to Fieberbrunn: Schlosshotel, Aug. 19-Sept. 1, £26. E.L.B., Anglo-Austrian Holiday Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

YUGOSLAVIA for autumn holidays. Write for details of 16-day holiday visiting Venice & Dalmatian coast from Rijeka (Fiume) to Split & Dubrovnik. Cost £44. Ramblers' Ass. Services, 48v Park Rd., N.W.1.

AUTUMN Holidays in the Sun.—Alassio, Finale Marina, Cap d'Antibes (Riviera); Malcesine (Garda), San Feliu (Spain); Lucerne & many others. All £34 for 15 days incl. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. Chan. 6436/7.

A LAST-Minute Continental holiday—not organised for the masses, but individually for you! 10 days in France—£15 16s.; Italy—£23 10s.; Switzerland £30 1s. 6d. More expensive holidays also arranged in any country. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., W.C.2. WHItehall 4114/5.

DOLOMITES/Lake Garda holiday, August 17 to September 2. A party of professional and university people in search of sun, mountains and bathing invites a few additional members; also similar party to Brittany. Details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

BERLIN. Enjoy unusual holiday in unique and gay city. Artist will be your guide for all kinds of amusements and advise on accommodation. English refs. Write J. Moeschler, 55 Joachim-Friedrichstrasse, Berlin-Halensee. Tel. 97 84 55.

TRAVEL Abroad by Popularis for warmth & sunshine. Reduced prices for Switzerland, South of France and Paris. Independent travel or conducted tours. By air, coach, or rail. Popularis Tours of Berne. London office (Dept. N.S.N.3), 6 Royal Arcade, Old Bond Street, London, W.1. Tel. Reg. 1532/3.

TRAINED Nurse offers hospitality and care for convalescence and to the aged. Lovely house. HAM. 2282.

P.S.—Harold Ingham is now accepting applications for positions on his mailing list for ski-ing holidays.

P.P.S.—Write to 15 St. John's Wood Road, Harrow—no time to lose!

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Music Review": the progressive British musical quarterly, now in its 12th year—February, May, August and November: editor, Geoffrey Sharp. Single copies (80 or more pages) 7s., post 4d.; annual subs. 28s., post free, from publishers, W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd., Cambridge. Prospectus on request, or send 3s. 6d. for specimen.

THE Cambridge Journal—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. August issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

"WEAKNESS Through Strength," The Economics of Rearmament, G. D. H. Cole, 1s. "Oil is Inflammable," The Persian Crisis, Harold Davies, M.P., 8d. "Freedom for the Gold Coast," Thomas Hodgkin, 6d. "Japanese Ally," The Facade and the Facts, Basil Davidson, 6d. Set of Four 2s. 10d. (incl. postage) fr. Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL.7924.

SCHOOLS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking. There is now only one Dane Court Prep. School for Boys. Sensible schooling in appropriate setting. Good food. Reas. fees. No evg. prep.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm. T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls, 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

RAYMONT School, Shortlands, Kent. Boys 3-11, Girls 3-18. A few vacancies for weekly or full boarders. Apply for prospectus to Mrs. G. Price, Principal, Ravensbourne 3272.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlkg. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc.; Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Bursaries are available for boys and girls aged 10 or under, for the Autumn term 1951. For particulars apply to the Principal.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. (Recog. Ministry.) 100 boys and girls, 8-18. A well-organised pioneer school with a wholesome, vigorous community life. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable, 2*s.* 6*d.*-12*s.* 6*d.* London Agents or Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last 2 days at 5 & 8: "Poor Judas." Wd. nxt. & Evgs. 7: "Right Side Up." Membership 5*s.* yearly.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Last 3 wks. of "The Cradle Will Rock." Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Members only. (No perfs. Aug. 4-10.)

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Aug. 5, 7.30 "The Macomber Affair" (A).

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly at 7.30 until Sept. 22 (Suns. excepted). B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra. Conductors: Sir Malcolm Sargent, Basil Cameron. Tkts., 3*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* (res.) at Hall & Agents. 3*s.* (unres.) at Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2*s.*, available nightly at doors only.

RELIGIOUS DRAMA

CHRISTOPHER Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners," St. Thomas' Church, Regent St. Evgs. 8.30. Tues., Sats., 6.15 & 8.30. 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.* Bkg. Church REG. 1223 or agencies.

EXHIBITIONS

TRADITIONAL Art from the Colonies. Colonial Office Festival Exhibition, Imperial Institute, South Kensington. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays 2.30 p.m. to 6 p.m. Until September 30. Admission free.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise. 19th Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Sculpture. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Last week.

R.B.A. Gallery, 6½ Suffolk St., S.W.1. Ten Decades 1851-1951. Review of British taste. From August 10. 10-5 daily.

BRITISH Abstracts, 1951. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. "Growth & Form." Daily 10-6. Sat. inc.

IRVING Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Recent Paintings by Jan Wieliczko. Until August 11.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Maurice Utrillo—20 Paintings. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

EXHIBITION of British Silverwork, including ceremonial plate, by contemporary craftsmen. Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside. Open until August 31. 10.30 to 6.30 daily, except Sundays. Adm. 1*s.*

500 YEARS of English Literature in the Festival Exhibition of British Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum. 10-6; Sun. 2.30-6.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk daily. May-Sept. Adm. 1*s.*, children 6*d.*

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition. English and French Paintings, Drawings and Prints. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

BRIGHTON Art Gallery: Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Open daily, including Sundays, 10-7.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Also flower paintings by Honor Sterndale-Bennett. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

LYONS Lithographs. Exhibition of the Second Series, with original designs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open until September 1. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6, Tues., Thur., 10-8. Admission free. Closed Mon., August 6.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CHRISTOPHER Hassall giving a Poetry Reading, Sat., Aug. 4, 3 p.m. Arthur Calder-Marshall on Writers and Their Public, Thurs., Aug. 9, 6.15 p.m. Lecture Hall, Victoria & Albert Museum, in connection with Festival Exhibition of Books.

ALL Nations Social Club. "Rockets and Interplanetary Travel" by A. V. Cleaver, former Chairman of the British Interplanetary Society, Thursday, August 9, 8 p.m., at Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1*s.* 6*d.* at door.

"ASIA'S Military Revolution: Pakistan Conspiracy and Korean Truce," by Andrew Roth, Tues., Aug. 7, 7.30. Asian Institute, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. 2*s.*

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre. Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Tuesday, 7.30 p.m., August 7: "Western Psychology—A Brief Survey." All welcome.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. August 5: Truth in Modern Life.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Aug. 11 at 6 p.m. Madame Iza Reiner: "Paris, source d'inspiration de Villon à nos jours."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING. Learn in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 1493.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

"MUSIC of the Twentieth Century." A week-end course at Pendley Manor. August 10 to 13. Talks, amply illustrated, by Dr. L. J. Russell, Lionel Salter, Ralph Wood. Inc. fee, £2 10*s.* Bookings should be made at once; write Secy., Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. Tring 2302.

THE Polytechnic, 309 Regent St., W.1. Preliminary Professional and University Entrance Department. The courses provide both day and evening classes for the new General Certificate of Education. The following subjects may be taken to the Advanced Level: English Literature, French, Latin, Mathematics, History, and Geography. There are courses for students over 25 years of age and for professional preliminary examinations and the Civil Service Executive (both Open Competitive and Limited) examinations. Session 1951-2 begins on September 18, 1951. Evening Classes begin on September 24, 1951. (Enrolment for evening classes: September 17, 5-8 p.m.) Prospectuses may be obtained on application to the undersigned. J. C. Jones, Director of Education.

HANOVER School of Higher Education and Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive course, August, September. Day and Evening Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accommodation arranged. Post School Course for Girls, Citizenship, Languages, Secretarial. 1 Hanover Square, W.1. GRO. 7347.

DENMARK. College Physical Education, Fredensborg. One-year Training Course for Men Teachers, conducted (in Eng.) by Svend Holtze. Recognised by Chief Inspector Phys. Educ., Denmark. Commencing Oct., 1951. Fee £225, incl. board. Write Principal.

ISOBEL Cripps Centre. Ten-day Introductory Courses for School Teachers on "Reducing Excessive Tension by Re-educating Posture and Movement" will be held from Aug. 13th and from Aug. 27th. Fee £5 5*s.* Particulars, 18 Lansdowne Rd., London, W.11. Park 7222.

LONDON University and other exams.: University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Entrance (Matric.), Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; for General Certificate of Education (Ordinary and Advanced Levels), Oxford, Cambridge and others, Professional Prelim. exams., Law, Civil Service, Local Govt., etc. U.C.C. is an Educational Trust not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Mod. fees; instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk.-kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochures 3*d.*, Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. New Course starts September 5. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

A CENTRE for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners of all grades. English For Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman Street, Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4640, 3805.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TOUCH-typing. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

UNITY Theatre invites applications for its dramatic school (2 terms) starting September. Details from Productions Organiser, Goldington St., N.W.1. EUS. 5391.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools: Glyn House, Broadstairs—Aug. 18-25, Foreign Policy, Director: John Haire, M.P. Speakers: Hon. Kenneth Younger, M.P., Maurice Edelman, M.P., Rita Hinden, A. M. F. Palmer, J. Mendelson. Frensham Heights, Farnham, Surrey—Aug. 18-25, "New Paths in Labour Thinking." Director: John Parker, M.P. Enquiries, applications, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley. Summer Schools in Pottery, Weaving and other Crafts until September 1.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1. (ABB. 3772.) First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. 5230 and FRE. 8640.

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STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff—perm. and temp. Typing, Duplctg., Translations. WHI. 3501 (3 lines).

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THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translns. Mod. chgs. 1 Northcote Hse., 122 Heath St., N.W.3. HAM. 3527.

MISCELLANEOUS

SHAW Society; educative, entertaining. Sec., 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries, Secretary, CUN. 8837.

PRINTING of Distinction. Account forms, leaflets, stationery, etc. Good work assured. D. S. Huett Printers, 4 North St., Hornchurch, Essex. 'Phone 3809.

DELICIOUS 100% English Wholemeal, grown and stone-ground without chemicals. Cerea Flour and Bread from best shops, or direct: Flour, 6lb., 4*s.* 9½*d.*; 12lb., 8*s.* 1*d.*; 70lb., 33*s.* 6*d.*; 140lb., 56*s.* 6*d.* Bread, 28oz loaf 2*s.* 1*d.*, 2 loaves 3*s.* 7*d.*, 8 loaves 10*s.* 5*d.*; all post and rail free. List unrationed cheese, eggs, honey (honey-fed bees) from Whole Food Service, Wells, Somerset.

NEW White Cotton Pillow Lengths, Superb quality. 3yds. × 38in. each 25*s.* 6*d.* Pure White Silk Parachutes, 16 panels, each 36in. × 84in., 4 panels 15*s.*, 8 panels 27*s.* 6*d.* Whole Par. 52*s.* 6*d.* Post free. Money back guarantee. Premier Drapery Co. (Dept. 46), 113 Church St., London, N.16.

HEAL'S remake and re-cover divans, box springs and mattresses, also convert mattresses into spring interior types. Write for folder, "Remaking Bedding." Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

INVISIBLE Mending on all garments—7-day service. Hosiery Mending 3-day Service. Post or call. Bell Invisible Menders, Ltd., 22 New Bond St., London, W.1.

GREAT summer reductions. Parachutes, (1) Nylon, peach, rose or light blue, each panel 36in × 150in, 2 panels 20*s.*, 4 panels 37*s.* 6*d.*, 8 panels 72*s.* 6*d.* (2) White nylon, each panel 36in × 132in, 2 panels 24*s.*, 4 panels 46*s.*, 8 panels 90*s.* Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 122), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., London, N.16.

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AVOID furs got by torture; particularly ermine. Write for Fur Crusade leaflets from Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Rd., London, S.W.10. Funds are needed.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3*gns.* Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses, 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI 1930.

FLAT to let furn., London, W.C.1, from Aug. New, clean, H.W., tel., suit 2 prof. people, possibly 3, poss. schoolchild. From 6*gns.* acc. requirements. Sep. lge. sgle. B.S.R. £3 5*s.* TER. 8161 or Box 5068.

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SINGLE and double accommodation with partial board available. A comfortable home with good food. Terms from 3½*gns.* 'Phone MAI 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

S.C. furnished flat to let near the British Museum, 7*gns.* per week. Box 4847.

NR. West End, cheery divan rooms, service, c.h.w. basin, cookg. fac., garden. Park 4651 and GLA 1967. Box 4785.

LARGE bed-sit. overlkg. gdn. N. Dulwich. 2*gns.* City 11 mins. Box 5106.

FURN. holiday flat to let any period. 50 Westbourne Park, Scarborough.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

TO let furn. 5 wks. fr. Aug. 8, charm. 2-rm. gdn. flat St. John's W'd. Bath, kit. Tel.: PRI. 2832 or PRI. 5578.

LARGE bed-sitting room facing garden, available for professional man. 3*gns.* incl. breakfast, heating & linen; near Finchley Rd. tube and buses. Maida Vale 8858.

BRIGHT room & breakfast for student. Modern flat, £2 1*0s.* p.w. Other meals by arrangement. Box 5020.

FOUR-bedroomed house at Kew to let furn. from 11th to end of Aug. Conveniently placed for Festival activities. Box 5159.

FURNISHED single bed-sitting room. Gas-ring, gas-fire, no meals provided. 81 Stilehall Gardens, Kew Bridge. CHI. 4166.

N. DEVON farmhouse, small s.c. flat to let furnished Sept. 10, 7 miles Barnstaple. Rent 3*gns.* weekly includes electric light and hot water. Box 5035.

NORTH Wales, near Llanberis. Cottage to let, furn., for six. Garage, elec. £4 10*s.* week Sept., £4 week Oct. Box 5078.

TO let, fully furnished, Sconser Lodge, Sconser, Isle of Skye, from October 12, 1951, until April 12, 1952. Rough shooting available. Very moderate rent. For further particulars apply to Macdonald & Fraser, Solicitors, Portree, Isle of Skye.

HAMPSTEAD. Exchange self-contained, unfurn. flat overlooking Church Row (one large room, storage room, kit. and bathroom, refrig., redec., £165 p.a.) for similar Regents Park, Chelsea, etc. Box 4902.

ARCHITECT and family shortly returning from West Indies seek inexpensive flat London from November. Box 4978.

DRESS design student requires partly or unfurnished room (use of kitchen and bath). Within 30 minutes W.C.1. Good light essential. From Sept. 1st week. Box 4952.

BUSINESS couple, out all day, urgently req. unfurnished flat, conv. City. Approx. rent £150 p.a., no f. or f. purchased. Box 5094.

YOUNG couple, medical student, teacher, seek small flat, pref. unfurn., in London area. Box 5045.

UNFURN. accommodation wanted immediately by two young unmarried Socialists. London area. Box 4976.

YOUNG professional woman requires two rooms, kitchen, unfurnished. Willing share bathroom; "baby-sit." Box 5014.

YOUNG student-apprentice requires reas. board-lodging, bath, breakfast, supper, full board week-ends. Easy reach Victoria St. Rooksby, Bourne, Hillingdon, Uxbridge.

BACHELOR reqs. a room, or two, part furn. or unfurn. Facil. for cooking, would dig garden, or other partial serv. Within 35 miles London. W'd. share house. Box 4946.

STUDENT (m.) seeks same species to negotiate shr. s/c. furn. flat. Box 5133.

ONE good room required, with facilities, by gentleman (literary translator); unfurnished or partially furn. Preference for N.W. district, but would consider convenient alternatives. Box 4844.

READING, in or near. Grad. and wife req. un./part furn. accom. Oct. for one yr. Piano playing essential. Box 4918.

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TINY bungalow, beautifully equipped; 3 rooms, productive garden, panoramic view, one hour London. Box 4569.

EIRE (West). Comfortable country-house; lovely garden; garage, lodge, sunny position. Freehold. 4 bedrooms, drawing-room, dining-room, lounge, good kit., bath, w.c. Nr. golf, sea, fishing. Price £2,600. Box 4973.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Keesing's Archives, 1948-51, excellent condition, £5/offers; N.S. & N., 1947-50; Leader Magazine, complete; Man's Everest Rucksac, as new, £3; Cutlery, Mappin & Webb heavy silver plate, rat-tail, 6 of each, sample sent, £10; Typewriter, standard 4-bank; Linguaphone language records (German), £5 or exchange for French set, excellent condition, barely used; Siamese kittens, reasonable.

WANTED: Encyclopædia of General Knowledge, Ottue Slovnik Naucny, published by Otto, Prague; Sets "Horizon," Mee's "I See All"; Cambridge Histories; Amateur wants Concert Viola, no Tub; Typewriter, urgent, must be good model.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10, Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 1s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

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